

Student Review
Foundation for
Student Thought
P.O. Box 7092
Provo, UT 84602

Nonprofit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Provo, UT
Permit No. 48

5030 HBLL / BYU
Provo, UT
01/01/92 84602

The Year In • Review

Student Review • A Magazine for Student Thought




Year 7

39 WEST DC CUTTER
Both Established in 1969

**SCHOOL
+ POLO
= CLASS**

"Your best brand name retail value in Utah
or we will credit the difference."

THE BEST OF BOTH STORES TOGETHER • Univ. Mall, Orem • 225-3900



Swen's Cyclery
Is Having a
**BIG DEAL
BIKE SALE!**



Call or come in for details.

Provo • 187 W. Center • 374-5322
Orem • 248 East 1300 South • 222-9577
American Fork • 456 East State Rd. • 756-5014

*Salon
on the Avenue*

**Having a bad
hair day? Call us.**

- cuts • perms
- style • colors
- hi-lites • nails
- massage

for men & women

83 N. University Ave
Provo 373-4500

**Wild
Planet.**

**Fulfill All Your Green
Needs.**

**Clothing and Accessories for People
who give a damn about the Earth.**

\$5- Off with any \$20- purchase

UNIVERSITY MALL

ACROSS FROM MISSIONARY EMPORIUM
(bring in coupon for discount, expires 9/30/93)

The Year in Review: Number Seven

Student Review's seventh year has likely been one of the most action-packed in BYU's history. Winter brought the long-awaited Women's Services and Resources facility. Prior to its approval the campus raged with debate, a few freshman males even circulating a petition to open a men's resource center—to aid with post-mission readjustment among other things. Another encouraging event was the cooperation of diverse campus factions winter semester to form the Campus Coalition for Bosnia, whose drives for food and clothing were highly successful. Over a dozen BYU students and faculty were arrested for trespassing on the Nevada Test Site to protest nuclear weapons testing, giving the campus something to debate for a few weeks at the end of winter semester. A highlight of the year for some was the pre-election, "non-political" visit of then-President Bush. A highlight for others was Clinton's victory. The most exciting news for about 17,000 BYU students and President Hunter was the fact that Cody Judy didn't really have a bomb. It's been a year to remember—no doubt about it.

The year's biggest controversies, though, were saved for the summer. After last year's rumors—reported by Geoffrey Thatcher in the *Daily Universe*—that certain controversial professors were on a "hit list" from Salt Lake, this spring's announcement that David Knowlton and Cecilia Konchar Farr are slated for termination was hardly a surprise. What did surprise many, however, were the university's allegations that the professors were being terminated for academic reasons, not politics. Although the announcement was made to a relatively quiet spring term campus, things didn't stay quiet for long. By the afternoon of the day of the announcement, over 100 students had gathered on the ASB quad carrying banners, chanting

slogans, and reading statements through a megaphone (see accompanying photo). A week later the protest continued: students gathered again on the quad, and this time the diversity of protesters was more evident. Anthropology and Latin American students protested in behalf of Knowlton; feminist students

the Bible.

BYU's sizzling summer continued with the announcement that Carol Lee Hawkins, six-year director of BYU's women's conference, had been "rotated" from that position. Many interpreted the action, however, as another sign of an anti-feminist bias at BYU, and a

group of professors said so in the *Tribune*. Some think the "rotation" (President Lee chafed at the use of the word "firing") was in direct response to the controversy surrounding the Board of Trustees' unexplained refusal to allow Pulitzer Prize-winning Mormon feminist Laurel

Thatcher Ulrich to speak at the conference. The action elicited the resignation of another BYU professor, Martha Nibley Beck, who said she would be unable to further her sociological study of Mormon women in the current climate.

About the Year in Review issue, though. Traditionally, *Student Review* publishes a double-sized issue to coincide with the opening of the new year, an issue devoted to reprinting the best articles and creative writing of the previous year. As you can tell, some of what we print is more serious than other. Our year included our traditional spoof issues (The Daily Unifance and The Student Enquirer) as well as the Deseret News parody, the Deseret Snooze. We also revived the old tradition of the Faculty Issue, with much success. For those of you who are new to BYU (and there must be some of you reading this, and all bright, by the signs of your increasing ACT averages) we encourage you to make *Student Review* a consistent part of your experience at BYU. We welcome participation of all people—black and white and every other hue, bond and free, male and female, gay and straight, LDS and non-LDS, Democrat and Republican—as long as you're committed to a charitable dialogue and an open conversation. Look for the advertisement in this issue for our Fall recruitment meeting and help push the *Review* into year eight. Happy reading!

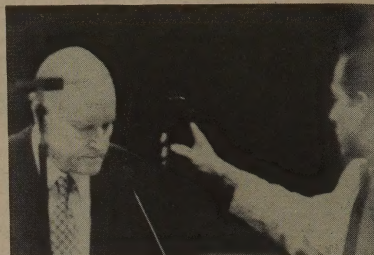


PHOTO COURTESY DAILY UNIVERSE

read statements in Farr's defense; a group representing BYU's College Bowl presented a general plea for academic freedom. That night concerned citizens and faculty met at Seven Peaks Resort Hotel where students, faculty, and others shared a microphone to voice concern over the situation. Several speakers made mention of an independent inquiry made by a BYU "ad-hoc faculty committee on academic freedom," a group of professors who researched Farr's and Knowlton's cases and found BYU's allegations quite lacking. (*SR* printed the ad-hoc documents in our July issue. They are provided again on page 17 of this issue.) One faculty member who spoke—Martha Bradley of the history department—has since then announced her resignation in protest. Others who announced their resignations included former Dean of General and Honors Education Harold Miller, who told the U of U's KUED radio that he believes BYU no longer has a commitment to be a university in the traditional sense of the term. Michael Quinn, a noted LDS historian, stated in the *Salt Lake Tribune* that the campus protests marked the first student uprising against an academic freedom decision since 1911, when three professors were fired for teaching evolution and higher criticism of



From the Editor

FRIENDS IN THE NEWS

Before he was baptized last year, **Bryan Waterman**, 8, Snowflake, Arizona, read the Book of Mormon.



Just Looking for a Few Old Friends

from March 3, 1993

That's me—the friend in the news (November 1979). I remember eagerly anticipating the publication of that little picture. Each month I'd watch for the *Friend* magazine to arrive—week after week, month after month. When it finally appeared, my Primary teacher—Sister DeSpain—was so proud, which almost made up for the fact that all the kids at school hated me for it. (Yes, in Snowflake all the kids at school read the *Friend*, too.) Roger McGrath, two grades higher than I was, told me there was no way I had read the Book of Mormon before I was eight. "Maybe your mom read it to you," he said. He was partly right; I think I had skipped a few pages in 2 Nephi, but then again I was sure that I had heard my mom say that everyone did that. My friends laughed that the magazine said I

was only eight; by the time the stupid thing finally hit print I had long since turned nine.

I am glad my mother chose to praise me for something I had already accomplished, though. That way she didn't set me up for any failed prophecies. I wonder about other kids who appeared with me in that issue. How about Joshua N., a kid from Pennsylvania. His mom sent in this gem: "Joshua is preparing for baptism, a mission, and temple marriage. He wants to be an astronomer." All this at age seven! The poor kid! He looks like the type whose parents were always on his case, anyway. He probably had a nervous breakdown at thirteen, ran away from home, got involved in the L.A. drug scene and hasn't been heard from in years. And somewhere along the banks of the Delaware his mother is shaking her head, wondering where she went wrong.

Where is Joshua now? Where are the other kids who shared that month of fame and glory with me? Does April Fifield from Agoura, California still have two

cats—Lambchop and Noodle? How did Maury Kimball's dance lessons turn out? Did Michael Shane Vela from Draper, Utah, ever learn to say his prayers without his mother's help?

I want to know. Where are you, my special friends in the news? If you are at BYU or if anyone recognizes the following names, please let me know c/o Student Review. I'd love to send a reunion photo to the *Friend*—complete with a list of fulfilled prophecies. Who knows, maybe Joshua did make it on a mission.

November 1979 Friends in the News: Michael Bass, Portland, OR; Angela Cutts, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Christina Luvio, Waxhaw, NC; Heather Entrikin, Baton Rouge, LA; April Fifield, Agoura, CA; Marnie Gunn, Sioux, SD; Maury Kimball, Cedartown, GA; Heidi Knebel, Sumner, WA; Dalene MacDonald, Price, UT; Gilbert McIliff, Agtutgart, Germany; Lynne Neson, St. Paul, Alberta; Joshua Neuder, Johnstown, PA; Barbara Ann Peters, Salt Lake; Robbie Punnette, Marianna, FA; Eileen Ruiz, Dagupan City, Phil.; Richard Seeman, Superior, MT; Shaun Smith, Omaha, NB; Michael Vela, Draper, UT; Barbara Whitmire, Bangkok, Thailand.

Get in Touch,

Bryan
Bryan Waterman

DOIN' THE MAMA THING!

A FRESH ALTERNATIVE TO THE COUGAREAT



Fresh Bagels ~ Deli Sandwiches ~ Soup
Pies ~ Muffins ~ Frzen Yogurt ~ and more!

FEATURING UTAH'S FINEST IN LIVE ACOUSTIC MUSIC

- Sept. 4 - BLUESMAN MIKE HAIRE
- Sept. 9 - LLOYD WILBERT
- Sept. 10 - RODEO GHOST (ALTERNATIVE ACOUSTIC)
- Sept. 11 - GREG SMITH (JAZZ/CLASSICAL)
- Sept. 16 - POETRY READING
- Sept. 17 - THE HINGE-UNPLUGGED
- Sept. 18 - LARSEN & SCOTT
- Sept. 23 - JOHNNY ROWAN / GARRETT
- Sept. 24 - GEORGE SCHOEMAKER (FOLK)
- Sept. 25 - AN EVE WITH JOHNNY ROWAN
- Sept. 30 - OPEN MIKE

840 N. 700 E. Provo

mon. - thurs. 10am - midnite
fri. & sat. until 2am

for info call 373-1525



Year 7 • Issue 29

Student Review is an independent student publication serving BYU's campus community. Because SR is an open forum all students are equally eligible to submit articles or letters to the editor examining life at BYU—sometimes humorously, sometimes critically, but always sensitively.

Send submissions, letters to the editor, or subscription requests (\$15 per year) to *Student Review*, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT, 84602, or call us at 377-2980.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of individual authors and do not represent those of BYU, UVCC, SR, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or the Design Director.

92 - 93 Staff

Publishers

- Joanna Brooks, Fall
- Brenton Chu, Winter-Summer
- Eric Christiansen, Fall
- Bryan Waterman, Winter-Summer
- Rachel Poulsen, Winter-Summer

Assistant Editor

- Rob Fergus, Fall
- Managing Editor
- Paul Rawlins, Fall
- Yvette Livingood, Winter
- Assistant Managing Editors
- Todd Christiansen,
- Rachel Poulsen, Fall
- Campus Life Editors
- Scott Whitmore, Clay Callaway, Fall
- Sam Cannon, Winter
- Becca Wahluquist, Spring-Summer

Religion Editors

- Bryan Waterman, Fall
- J. Scott Craig, Winter
- Yvette Young, Lee Follett, Spring-Summer
- Issues and Opinions Editors
- Russell Fox, Fall-Winter

• Jonathan Green, Winter-Spring

Arts and Leisure Editors

- Rebecca Butler, Fall
- Joanna Brooks, Winter
- Buffy Visick, Spring-Summer
- Entertainment Editor
- Rick Carpenter, Fall
- Noise Editors
- Sean Zeibarth Sam Cannon, Fall,
- Dave Seiter, Spring-Summer
- Sports Editors
- Mike Sponseller, Greg Schell, Fall-Winter
- Calendar Editors
- Heather Stratford, Fall,
- Rebecca Butler, Winter-Summer

Subscriptions

- Heather Stratford, Fall-Winter

Art Director

- Scott Fullen, Fall-Winter,
- Curtis Bay, Spring-Summer
- Design Directors
- Kristen Sheppert, Fall-Winter,
- Bryan Hayes, Spring-Summer
- Ad Director
- Brian Garff
- Accounts
- Janet Meiners, Fall,
- Jayd McPherson, Winter

Contributing Staff • Matthew

Workman, Serge Martinez, Crystal Phelps, Andi Nufer, Kent Chou, Brett Gasaway, Joe Christensen, Eric Snider, Nick Zukin, Wynn John, Jeremy Webb, Tyler Norton, John Crawford, Erik Lono, Charlene Davis, Chris Cox, Rebecca de Schweinitz, Rich Valentine, David Witte, Kari Christensen, Jonathan Harris, Becky Beacom, Dave Merkley, John Bowman, Michael Ho, Scott Duncan, Ben Shipley, Steve Gibson, Jennifer Rigo, Franchise Davis, Jason Fullen, newell thorely jensen, Geoff Thatcher, Juli Kirry, Cate Moss, Brett Bottger, Cheryl Lamar, Michelle Paradise, Doug Willoughby, Charles Stubbs, Lance Anderson, Kris Kirry, Jason Williamson, Pete Brown, Stephen Fairbanks, Greg Davis, Marshall Coleman, Kelly Broadhurst, Lora Berry, Stacey Ford, Lavinia Pace, Ted Davis, David Kimball, Julia Ford Tollstrup, Mitchell Tollstrup, Raquel Taub, Brent Wescott, Heather Lawrence, Kathryn Hall, Steve Baldrige, Jennifer Burril, Janae Dixon, Felicity Hamilton, Dear Crabby Authors, King Kim

The Best of Letters

Staffert Not a Friend

from October 14, 1992

To the editor:

Your frosh advice article by Joe Staffert was repulsive (*Freshman Friend*, September 16, 1992). I was appalled that Staffert could have that much hatred for a group of people he doesn't even know.

Staffert doesn't deserve to be called an upperclassman because he obviously doesn't have any *class*. I have talked to several upperclasspersons in the past few weeks and have always been treated civilly. It is a relief to know that jerks like Staffert are not representative of all upperclasspersons.

In high school, I wrote several articles for our newspaper in which I made fun of lowerclasspersons. The key word here is *fun*. Nothing I wrote was hateful or offensive.

All of the articles in SR's "Freshman Friend" issue were either humorous or helpful, except for Staffert's. If Staffert was trying to be funny with his cheesy rhymes, he didn't do a very good job. I find no humor in hatred.

It is unfortunate that tithing money from Church members around the world is wasted on Staffert's education. Staffert is clearly the antithesis of everything that BYU values. In the BYU Honor Code it says that students of this university should respect others. Staffert obviously doesn't respect his fellow students.

I don't care if this letter makes me sound like some whining, ultra-conservative freshman. I don't take this kind of abuse, and I know that I speak for all first-year students at BYU when I say, "We'll be glad to see you go, Joe."

Justin Jones

A Response to the Letter of Justin Jones

from October 21, 1992

To the editor:

Sarcasm is often misunderstood. This is unfortunate. In the "Freshman Friend" issue of the Review, we had hoped that by placing two bits of advice—one overly obnoxious, the other sickeningly spiritual—next to each other that readers would be able to see, through the sarcasm, the underlying theme that upperclassmen do not actually care, regardless of what they might say.

Justin, if you find hate in the satirical words of a fabricated Joe Staffert, then you do not know true hate. To avoid future exposure to real hate and possible offense to you, we suggest, Justin, that you do not go on a mission and that you never leave the BYU campus again. Welcome to the Class A minor leagues, high school boy.

Clay Callaway,
Scott Whitmore
Campus Life Editors

Scott and Clay Mean to Frosh

October 28, 1992

To the editor:

Scott Whitmore and Clay Callaway's reply to that first-year student was mean spirited and demeaning. I felt the student was expressing some valid concerns about "hatred" and upperclassman "bias." Also, it appears the editors do not understand that they have a responsibility to be truthful to their readership. Satire is great, when the writing clearly shows that the articles are to be taken satirically. Apparently, Scott's and Clay's writing was not.

F. Scott
Eureka, Oregon

Eric on Ethics

from March 17, 1993

To the Editor:

The cliché reads "Those who don't know history are doomed to repeat it" and Student Review is stuck in a loop. Apparently, the Review limits its open forum to those views which the editors accept.

Two years ago, when Student Review questioned Karl Snow's qualifications for Congress, the paper's ethics were questioned when the publisher inappropriately attacked Karl Snow's defense—in the same issue that the defense appeared.

Recently, a pro-Amendment 2 letter appeared on your letters page, only to be attacked by an "Editor's Response" which was nearly twice as long as the original letter.

I guess my real question is, where's the *Review's* respect for its contributing readership?

Two years ago, people questioned the propriety of the publisher using the paper for his personal trumpet. I have to question now if the paper hasn't been used to promote the editor(s)'s personal biases. Whatever the case, the Editor's Response was inappropriate and broke many journalistic standards. If an apology to the readership is felt to be unnecessary, at least a renewed commitment to the ideal of an "open form"—for all points of view—should be reaffirmed.

Eric L. Christiansen
Boise, Idaho

Do Yourself a Favor, Fire Sunstone-Reading Liberal

from December 9, 1993

To the Editor:

There is no excuse for publishing garbage like J. Scott Craig's article on the Lost Ten Tribes. He obviously doesn't believe in the Church or in the Prophet. I suppose he was trying to be funny by making up people and quotations, but I think it's sinful to mock Joseph Smith by making up false quotes.

Do yourselves a favor and fire the Sunstone reading liberal.

Robert Jensen
Springville, Utah

Editor's note: Mr. Craig's article quoted from real people in real sources. Truth can be stranger than fiction.

Shallow Candidates

from February 24, 1993

To the Editor:

The rhetoric surrounding this year's would-be BYUSA top dogs was as loud as ever. Students were assured again and again that each candidate's decision to run was the product of a sincere wish to serve our interest. Sadly, as soon as the election results were announced, the two finalist candidates who lost revealed the depth of their commitment to students. Trip Meredith said he had no interest in serving as a BYUSA volunteer anymore, and planned to graduate early. Dawnese Noel revealed a similar lack of interest for serving in any other capacity other than President; maybe she'll serve a mission, she tells us. Is it any wonder so many of us are cynical about the intentions of BYUSA and its would-be officers?

Jason Miller
Orem, Utah

Letter from a Friend in the News

from April 14, 1993

To the Editor:

Dear Bryan,

My name is Maury Kimball and I am currently serving a mission in Sweden. A friend named Wendy Walker sent me a copy of the column you wrote about when you were in The Friend in 1979. I was surprised to find out that I was also in the same issue. It was a shock find that dancing lessons were my special accomplishment. After reading the article the initial reaction was embarrassment. Previously it had been a joke inside the family, but now all of your readers (some of which would know me) found out about the dancing lessons as well. Imagine my dismay. But after 30 seconds I couldn't help but laugh.

I'll tell you about the dancing lessons. In 1977 or '78 (I can't remember which) I took lessons for one year. After that I quit and played little league baseball like the rest of the kids. I have no idea why I became involved with dance. If it was just a pushy, overzealous mother or if it was just a ploy to meet young ladies I don't know—but chances are that it is one of the two.

Now dancing lessons are not a bad thing (if you were to see how clumsy and uncoordinated I am at dancing you might note the need I have of dancing lessons again) and I realize that I have written about them in a negative light. It is the result of mental trauma from being mocked and called "Twinkle toes" as a five-year-old. I am on a mission and I will return to Cedartown Georgia in June. I would like to be with the reunion picture if possible. I know I'll be in Utah for October General Conference, maybe we can arrange something. Let me know what will happen.

Sincerely,
Aldste [Elder] Maury Kimball

Letter from the Friend in the News's Mom

from April 14, 1993

To the editor:

Please find enclosed our most recent letter from Aldste Maury. He said he responded [to your article], which is a miracle. Maury does other things than write letters. I thought you might like a mother's perspective which is what he was doing in *The Friend* in the first place. I cannot imagine what possessed me to include his dance lessons. Bad hair day?

Maury loved baseball. Also basketball. He played varsity football the last year of high school, but he did not enjoy it. He just never quits something he starts [Ed.'s note: Except for dance lessons, right?].

Dance lessons hit the dust after the first year, although he was talented. Up until the middle of his eight grade year, Maury was locally famous for baseball. On December 4th, the same day his Uncle Quenton, father of four, expired of heart failure, we received a phone call from President Monson inviting us to the Sweden Stockholm Mission for three years. We joyfully accepted, this being my husband's lifelong dream to return to the beloved Sverige of his own young missionary days.

They don't have a bona fide baseball in Sweden. Maury attended the International School of Stockholm, where he was elected Student Council President and also represented the school internationally in basketball and in volleyball. He was accepted to Kungsholmen to continue his education the next year, and was invited back by his junior year. Swedish secondary school don't do clubs, sports or teams, so Maury joined Tab's basketball club. He served a two-month mini-mission in Goteborg with Aldste Matt Paulsen, a great and talented missionary.

In July of 1990, we returned home to Cedartown. Maury was accepted to Darlington Preparatory School for his senior year. Playing varsity basketball, he performed adequately academically and was accepted to Auburn and UGA. All during this time Maury was president of whichever quorum he was in. He was co-chair of our stake's steering committee and held offices in Seminary and in youth committee. Maury entered the MTC on 17 July 1991. He is currently serving in Sodertalje and will return home this summer, the date depending on whether or not Presidents Wennerlund and Hedberg allow him to extend.

When he returns home, Maury will be employed in the family rehab clinics and then report to the University of Georgia in September. His major? Journalism. Maury is also looking forward to getting involved with Institute. President Cazier is the best. For graduate work, Maury is thinking about sports law at UGA, the last we spoke of it, he has other things on his mind these days. Max has found a perfect little partnership here in Cedartown specializing in contract law—if Maury is so inclined.

Maury did not date a lot before his mission and left no weeping hearts behind. Max and I are not in a big, well, real big, hurry for grandchildren. We want Maury to do what is right for him in each season of his life. When he writes of secular concerns, the biggest one is if we think he can walk on UGA baseball and make it. I don't see why not.

This epistle is far more than Maury would want written about himself and far more than you wished to read. Tough. I've been using all kinds of self-restraint here. I did not even mention Maury's terrific dad or equally fantastic sister, Faith, or brilliant brother, Spencer. They were in *The Friend*, too. I don't know about dance lessons.

Your op-article was a great idea, well-thought out and very nicely written. Impressive. Thanks for a fun hour or so. And thanks for getting Wendy Walker [the BYU student who sent Maury the SR article] back in touch with Maury. I've always liked her.

Sincerely,
Deborah L. Kimball
Cedartown, GA

Universe Staffer Tired

from July 1993

[Editor's note: The following letter is apparently in response to the inclusion of "Universe only three times a week" in our June issue's Top 20]

To the editor:

Whenever I read your little paper, I often find articles which I thoroughly enjoy, [sic] however by the same token, at times I tire of your paper constantly ripping on *The Daily Universe* (or just *The Universe* as it's named spring and summer terms because it's obviously *not* daily).

While *The Universe* doesn't waste it's [sic] time cutting on your newspaper, I'm somewhat surprised that you continually waste space to unjustly cut on our paper. While it's true, perhaps news is a bit short in the Provo area this time of the year, still, perhaps a spotlight of someone newsworthy would suffice? And where have you been anyway? Have you become a monthly publication now? Gee whiz, at least we may not possess some of the brilliant (and somewhat boring) honors students on our writing staff, [sic] however we do have one undecided advantage you'll probably never enjoy; of the journalist [sic] majors who walk through BYU's hallowed doors, we have all the very best. Since those of us who indeed are journalist [sic] majors are required to write for the campus paper. However, if you are actually naive and stupid enough to believe we never print anything controversial or newsworthy, then perhaps you should give Margaret Smoot a call and ask her how she likes today's front page headlines! [June 10: "Farr, 4 Others May Lose Jobs"] The AP wire picked up not only this, but at least three other stories which we ran in the past couple of weeks. When was the last time any of your motley crew scooped that AP? Although we may be a "lab" as you enjoy referring to us, well, we do have some sports page, where's yours? And I've attended your meetings in the past, and let me just say, it appeared as though you were all pretending to be liberal right-wind [sic] Mormons on a witch hunt. So quit trying to be something you're not. In short, most definitely rebels without a cause. Well, just do some of us who rarely ever criticize your somewhat infamous paper a small favor for a couple of months or so . . . call off the dogs. After all, most of us are only trying to get through school and the hell

out of Utah!!!

Yours for higher ethics in journalism,

John Pollard
The Daily Universe

SR Brings Distress

from August 1993

To the editor:

I'm not a conservative. Because of emotions and feelings I have dealt with since I was a teenager, I can't be. The conservative view of homosexuality is one of contempt and ignorance, and so I, as one who retains homosexual tendencies through no fault of his own, must exclude myself from such backward thinking.

I am also a member of the Church. I served a mission and I have been an active member since my life began. Because of my conviction to the gospel, my love of the Savior, and my understanding of the adversary's power, I cannot condone the liberal view of this social issue, either, since time and time again Church leaders I sustain have explicitly told me that homosexual practice is sinful and must be avoided.

You might think that these two claims—what I am not and what I most assuredly am—would pull a person apart. Such a tragedy need not happen if one is moderate. I am a moderate. Moderation in all things is a prescription given to us by Jesus, whose life and teachings exemplify this ideal.

A moderate Church member can accept homosexuals but disapprove of homosexual practice. This is one area in which I feel like an expert. I should know. I deal with this side of myself daily. I know the pains of invisibility described by the lesbian student whose article appeared in the last issue of *Student Review* (July 1993). I was at a late-night movie on campus when one man shouted out a facetious proposal to another man on stage, who was telling lousy jokes before the movie started. As if taking a cue, the man replied, "No thanks, I'm in the military." This caused a tumult of applause and left me completely alone. Seldom have I ever felt so outcast in my adult life.

I also know the pain of going to a bishop who is so swamped with ecclesiastical endorsement interviews that a disclosure of my feelings resulted in a quick dismissal, the good ol' "don't worry about it" solution.

Why do I continue here? Why do I not commit suicide? Why do I remain active in the Church? Because it's true. Because I love Christ. Because I believe commandments come straight from my Father. I have never felt the need to join the BYU underground. I don't consider myself a "gay" man (whatever that means). I am not concealing my identity by dating as much as possible, although I do believe that someday if I continue in good standing with the Lord I can take a woman to the temple and marry her. I believe it is possible for me to become a father. I believe I could even enjoy a healthy sex life with a woman. What's more, I believe it's possible for every male and female homosexual Church member to possess that same joy. Because there are those who deny this does not make my beliefs unrealistic.

I am sorry the woman who wrote the article had such terrible experiences. I wish they had not happened to her. But she does not have to regress to some underground society for comfort. She does not have to buy into the ever-increasing worldly notion that these emotions demand action for a fulfilling life. I can't explain why she feels the way she does. I can't explain why I'm attracted to other men. But both of us have the gift of the Holy Ghost, and whether she likes it or not, she knows deep within herself that what she is doing is wrong. I wish I knew her. I wish we were friends. In my mind I can't help but think how beautiful she is, how much I want to be close to her. She might even be someone I could be physically attracted to. But we'll probably never meet, because I refuse to accept wickedness as happiness, and she appears to be someone who might try to convince me to be otherwise.

This is not the first time I have felt the urge to respond to an article of this nature. I have picked up the *Review* many times in the past to hear other people tell me of my options, my alternative choices because of my orientation; the Salt Lake "ward" comprised of active excommunicated homosexuals; the woman who advised other women not to marry homosexual men (or at least told them that she would never have done it if she knew what she knows now); and now this woman who tells me how satisfying a relationship with another of the same sex was, and how free she felt. I can only see the opposite, being no stranger to immoral dilemmas of my own, and remembering the constriction and the spiritual void that I lived with.

I will always know that the Restored Gospel is true. I wish God would answer my pleas, and I believe that someday they will be answered, but I must be patient. Until then, I refuse to accept much of the confusing words of wisdom I have been given by other members during my brief residence in Utah. It does not matter to me whether you print this article or not, because as part of my refusal, I cannot in good faith continue to read contradictions to the way I hope to plan my future. I can never again pick up a copy of *Student Review*.

Sincerely,

Unsigned

Editor's response:

A few points may need explanation here. First, *Student Review* takes no official stance on the issues involved here, or on many other issues. The articles we have printed have all been, like your letter, unsolicited and anonymous. We have printed them because they reflect a portion of our society that generally remains silenced, and because we feel that by discussing the issues openly, much hatred and violence can be traded for compassion and tolerance. If we have not printed your view before it is because you haven't written. By writing this letter you have entered into a dialogue, which is, in my mind, more responsible than leaving the conversation. And so I hope you do pick up this issue. Your perspective and that of others are invaluable to a genuine discussion of an important topic. Thanks.

Old Testament Stories

from Oct 7, 1992
Deseret Snooze

This week, Old Testament Stories will focus on yet another of the prophets in the Old Testament that we know terribly little about, Lenny of Nineveh.

Lenny, the Bible's first Prophet/Stand-up Comic (known earlier in his career as "Slappy the Smart Aleck Altar Boy"), lived in Nineveh around 600 BC., just before the downfall of the Assyrian empire. Other prophets had told of the destruction of Nineveh for hundreds of years, but none told it quite like Lenny.

The Ninevites of Lenny's time had become an extremely hardened people due to the great number of prophets who had already prophesied of their destruction. As a last ditch effort to save the wicked people of Nineveh, Lenny the Prophet/Stand-up Comic was sent to bring them to repentance by way of their funny bones.

Lenny traveled to all corners of Nineveh and the surrounding area, preaching anywhere he could: street corners, private residences, night clubs, and even bar mitzvahs. No matter what the venue, Lenny could be found preaching while keeping the crowd in stitches.

Almost all of Lenny's teachings were destroyed when Nineveh fell, but the prophet Zephaniah apparently adapted many of his own teachings from

Lenny's monologues. Zephaniah 2:13 reads, "And he will stretch out his hand against the north and destroy Assyria and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness." Ancient writings recently unearthed in

the remains of Nineveh attribute this quote to Lenny. It originally read, "And he will stretch out his hand against the north and destroy Assyria and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. Dry like a wilderness? We're talkin' as dry as the gefilte fish at Mica's tavern. Ya ever tried the stuff? Ya couldn't wash it down if ya drank the whole Dead Sea! Oi! I'm tellin' ya, it's nuts..."

Lenny was also a pioneer of the "call and response" method of preaching that would become a staple of the Baptist church thousands of years later. "Yenta had a vial of olive oil that was so

randic," Lenny would begin. "How randic was it?" the congregation would answer. "It was so randic, even my mother-in-law would cast it out. She'd keep the vial, don't get me wrong," Lenny would continue.



"Which reminds me, I have a feeling the Lord's about to cast you folks out if ya don't shape up. And he's not keeping the vial, if ya know what I mean..."

So devoted was the prophet/comedian that he tried to strike a deal with the Lord much like Abraham of old. He asked that the city be spared from doom if he could make just ten people

laugh Lenny would tell the Ninevite audiences, "The Lord was gonna save the city for 50 laughs, but I told Him you're a tough crowd. So we settled on ten. This is a rough business I'm in, lemme tell ya..."

Despite his snappy wit and relentless touring, Lenny's efforts to divert Nineveh from its collision course were in vain. Nineveh saw its end only a few years into Lenny's ministry. However, he seemed to acknowledge the city's inevitable demise in one of his favorite routines: "Why do you think the Lord sent a comedian? The world's got plenty of us, we're expendable. Next thing ya know you're gonna get a mime for a prophet,

then you'll know your days are numbered. Come to think of it, how would ya mime repentance? I'm tellin' ya it's crazy..."

As Nineveh went the way of Babylon and Sodom and Gomorra, Lenny officially retired from the prophet, seer, and revelator gig, but kept the Assyrians rolling in the aisles until his last days. He spent a

good deal of time doing the synagogue circuit in Tell Brak, the Las Vegas of the Old Testament world and also performed as an occasional warm-up act for big name prophets such as Malachi and Zechariah.

Transcripts of Lenny's didactic schticks are showing up in more and more archeological digs allowing us to better appreciate his unusually zany perspective on the gospel. The following are a few of his now immortal one-liners:

"Take my yoke, Please!"

"What do ya want? I'm not getting paid for this!"

"Is it humid in here, or am I just feeling God's wrath like the rest of

you people."

"I'm gonna make like a prophet and get the hell outta here!"

"I don't do miracles, this is it, folks!"

"A bible, a bible, I had a bible, but I think my ex-wife took it with the rest of the stuff."

"I can't say that, I'm a prophet."

By studying the teachings of this prophet/comedian, Lenny of Nineveh, we can learn more about a once great people that got blown to bits. If we apply the teachings of Lenny to our own lives, we will become better people and will probably be a hit at parties.

BYUSA forms new support group, students rejoice

from Dec 2, 1992 **Daily Uniforce**

Every year hundreds of students at BYU have to deal with something they never thought could happen to them: being called to a stateside mission. Thousands more carry around the scars of the experience with them for the rest of their lives.

To help the people affected by this sudden trauma the office of Student Life together with BYUSA announced the formation of a support group not only for missionaries who don't leave the USA but also their friends and family members. Social Comfort to Help Inner-State Missionaries (SCHISM) will hold its first meeting on Dec. 18 at 5:30 pm in 170 JSB.

Brian C., who asked that his name not be used, is an example of the trauma these missionaries face. "The bishop of my student ward asked all who had received mission calls to come up during sacrament meeting and say where they were going. The guy ahead of me got called to Russia. Everybody applauded, and a few young women in the front row started loosening their clothing. But when I said, 'Omaha Nebraska,' the whole meeting went silent. My girlfriend and my friends avoided me, but my parents were really supportive. They said if I didn't write home they would tell the ward and all the relatives that I was in Bulgaria."

Many people ask themselves, "who sinned, this missionary or his parents, that he got such a boring mission call?" Lisa Mellon-Winchester, a freshman from Scottsdale, Ariz., says "I wanted to send my missionary

off to two years of service in a really exotic-sounding place. When he got called to Vermont, I really had to wonder if he had been true to the promises of his patriarchal blessing. Now I think it's just a case of unfaithfulness in the pre-existence."

The losers in the race for foreign missions face economic disadvantages as well. Whereas many send in their papers hoping for foreign language credit and a sexy career in international relations, English-speaking missionaries face the prospects of gaining skills helpful only in selling life insurance. One of the objectives of the support group is to broaden the career outlook for them. Chossy Offwidth of the career-counseling center says, "many don't realize that there are possibilities besides life insurance, like secretarial work or dental assisting."

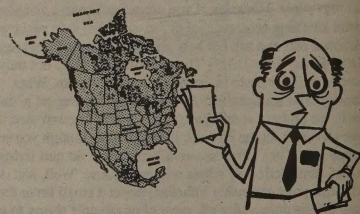
The disappointment can be the hardest part for many students called to US missions. Nephi Romney, who will enter the MTC on Jan. 20 says, "I was told in my patriarchal blessing that I would be bringing the gospel to people thirsting for it in a land where communism had recently departed. But after three years of studying Albanian, I opened the envelope and found I had been called to the Little Rock Arkansas mission."

Many missionaries are troubled by the stigma attached to serving in missions usually thought of as "dumping grounds" for missionaries with weak testimonies, chemical addictions, or felony records. In a recent survey of BYU students, 57% responded that they would still love a friend if he didn't go foreign. Over half, however, said it would be a justifiable reason for cancelling an engage-

ment.

The first chairman of SCHISM is Steven L. Christensen, a senior majoring in international law and finance. "If I hadn't been the mission finance secretary in Japan, I would never have made the business contacts I now have," he says. "Right now I'm almost ready to start a leveraged buy-out of Honda, and I could never have done it if I had stayed in the US. I feel really sorry for all those poor schmucks—they really don't have much purpose. I just want to help them in whatever way I can."

According to Christensen, the first meeting will be entitled "Forgetting It All and Moving On," where the discussion will focus on seeing the positive aspects of a US mission. Other discussions will include "Finding A Career With NuSkin," "Temple Marriage: Do I Still Deserve It?" "Faking A Foreign Language," and "Accepting the Terrestrial You."



The Most Correct Commercialization on the Earth Today

by Anne Couch

from March 17, 1993

After an overwhelmingly positive response to the *I Spy* a Nephite book series, *Student Review's* panel of mass-merchandisers has come up with even more new and creative ways to "flood the earth." Look for the following items to arrive soon to a store near you.

Nephite and Lamanite Action Figure Playsets: Like the *Star Wars* figures of the late 70s, these three-inch replicas of your favorite Book of Mormon good guys and bad guys let you re-enact all your favorite stories, from Laman and Lemuel smiting Nephi in the wilderness to Moroni hiding the gold plates. A Laban figure features pop-off head; some Lamanites have removable arms. Each sold separately. Swords and scimitars not included.

Book of Mormon Breakfast Cereal: Nutrition frosted oat cereal shaped like the Angel Moroni, with colorful marshmallow Liahonas. "Name the Prophets" game on the back of the box for breakfast fun. Collect box tops and send away for personalized Articles of Faith cards, just like real missionaries carry. Free inside—a Secret Combination Decoder Ring!

My Nephite Missionary Companion Doll: Wherever you go, he goes. Just imagine: the constant companionship of Alma himself, his faithful friend Amulek, Ammon, or the sons of Mosiah. Doll includes both traditional Nephite costume and modern Mr. Mac suit and name badge.

Child's Bedroom Set: What little Sunbeam, Star, or CTR wouldn't love to slumber under a cozy Book of Mormon comforter and sheet set? Patterns depict various exciting and legendary Nephite characters and battles. Comes in twin and full sizes. For that added decorative touch, try matching curtains, lampshade, nightlight, and alarm clock that plays "Called to Serve."

"Stripling Warrior" Workout Set: Complete fitness program for young boys and girls who want to become as invincible as the armies of Helaman. Includes aerobics/maternal inspirational thought video, wrist weights, and

brass breastplate. (not recommended for children under three.)

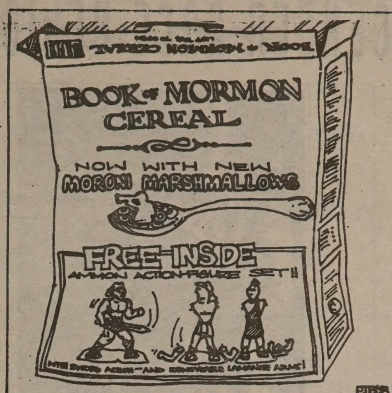
"You're in the Judgment Seat" Game: For older age groups. Dramatic video portrays fictional controversial events in the lives of fictional Nephites and Lamanites. The fun begins when you try to decide how you would call the court case based on Nephite law. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

"I'm a Nephite Spy" Playset: A new twist on the old favorite private eye kit, this set gives you everything you need to infiltrate the camps of hostile enemy Lamanites. Kit includes play knife, bow and arrow, magnifying glass, strong wine, fingerprinting kit, and various stealthy disguises.

"Tree of Life" Board Game: Contestants roll dice, spin a spinner, and draw "Mists of Darkness" cards in this fast-paced game to progress along the straight and narrow path. The first player to reach the Tree of Life wins. Three-dimensional great and spacious building with real electric lights and prerecorded taunting adds new drama to the traditional board game (some assembly required). Great fun for Moron families of four to twelve players.

Authentic Book of Mormon Chess Set: Reminiscent of the unparalleled glory of the ancient Nephite battles, this fine, hand-crafted chess set is much more than a game. It is sure to become a priceless family heirloom. Legendary Book of Mormon heroes are beautifully immortalized in genuine brass (the Nephite metal of choice) and are of curious workmanship. Perfect for the chess lover or ancient American history buff, this valuable set can be yours now in just twelve easy monthly installments. Send check or money order. No credit cards or C.O.D. Our brain-storming committee rejected plans for an Iron Rods Building Set, a "Little Isabel" cosmetics and jewelry line for girls (including play nose rings and crimping pins), the "Sons of Lehi/Daughters of Ishmael Love Connection" game, and a board game called "Overthrow the Chief Judge."

Copyrights are pending on all of these products. Don't even think of stealing them.



Bad Mormon Poetry

from Deseret Snooze, Oct 7, 1992

Shirley G. Neilsen

Tears roll
Slowly down—
Like rain—
After
The testimony

He's Not Heavy, He's my Companion

Hey, elder, I know you struggle, I hear you cry
I see your bad haircut and bloodshot eyes
I see you moping, your smile upside-down
Your untreated depression, your permanent frown
I'm here for you, elder, you're, you're gonna pull through
We'll teach till we're speechless and tract till we're blue.

Grace Arden Alister

I watch the leaves falling
Orange and red and
yellow.
They remind me of death.
But the green will return
In April, when the snows melt.
And I am reminded that I
too
Must be reborn
In the spring of the Lord.

Cougarettes Retreat to Top Secret Training Camp

from May 31, 1993, *Student Enquirer*

In the wake of the Marriott Center Ordeal here at BYU and the escape of self-proclaimed prophet Cody Judy, BYU's famed Cougarette dance squad has retreated to a top secret location in the Mt. Nebo area, reportedly to be trained as new bodyguards for high-ranking Church officials.

"It's a perfect plan," explained Church spokesman Donny Fever. "The Cougarettes look completely inconspicuous here at BYU—like the average General Authority's granddaughter."

Appearances can be deceiving here at BYU. In reality, the Cougarettes aren't just model young women, they're deadly bodyguards and living shields.

"We've found that thanks to hair spray build up, Cougarettes' hair can repel bullets. So can the sequins on their dance uniforms. So can their control-top pantyhose," explained Fever. "They're naturally equipped for the job."

The Cougarettes will improve on nature during their camp/retreat, during which they will reportedly study small caliber weapons, martial arts, and terrorist tactics.

Speaking by telephone from their top secret location, Cougarettes' team captain LaDawnEtte Johnson said, "We're stoked. We're going to be just like Charlie's Angels, except we'll dress better. No terry cloth shorts, no espadrilles."

Safe! Sane! Fun For The Whole Family!



STUDENT REVIEW
Not another youth program.

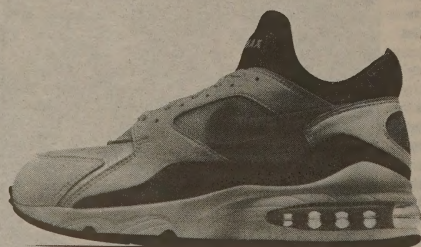
GENDER·RACE·RELIGION



BYU Discrimination Prevention Symposium

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7		WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8	
10:00-2:00	Chuck Browning Chairman/Keynote speaker	10:00-11:30	Panel on Race Issues Panel on Gender Issues BYU on the Mountain BYU on the Mountain
10:00-10:30	David Dominguez (keynote speaker)	11:30-12:30	Panel on Sexual Harassment J. Bowen Ritchie
11:00-11:30	Compassionate 211 Order (keynote speaker) EMC Study House "Lapsplosion or Documentation?" (The first 30 seconds to show up will get free tickets to the luncheon)	1:00-1:30	Avoiding Discrimination with the Lower-Campus Discrimination
12:00-1:30	Luncheon	THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9	
12:00-1:30	Free Movie Showings: "The Tale of O," "True Colors," and More!	10:00-11:30	Panel on Religious Issues Panel on Sexual Harassment J. Bowen Ritchie

**IT WAS EITHER
CUSHION THE ENTIRE
PLANET
OR JUST YOUR FEET.**



Air Max®

Sports Shoes

1774 N. University Pkwy., Provo
377-9499

Sex, Lies, and Returned Missionaries

by Jennifer Rigo

from February 17, 1993

Everybody is sick of the stereotypical returned missionary. You know, those who are diligently seeking to keep the commandment to "multiply and replenish the earth" by slipping a ring on the first girl they meet. Well, forget the stereotype. Even R.M.s are tired of it. And those who aren't have already gotten married. A new and improved stereotype has evolved.

This brand of R.M. could be considered the New Age R.M.s, the carefree, yuppie bachelors who revel in their exploits. They prey mostly on innocent 18-year-old girls. One quick glance tells you they have only been back two to six months. You can't miss the New Age R.M.'s typical costume. The romantic figure of old, wearing a tie and suit, is no more. The New Age R.M. now dresses quite normally, subtly adding a bit of clothing common to the area where he served—artisan craft jewelry, hand knit sweaters, leather products, etc.—accessories necessary to impress all with their cultural awareness and "love for the people."

Picture this: you, the unsuspecting freshman woman, walk into class and innocently sit next to one. The professor makes a joke and you begin to share laughter and quips. A quirky sense of humor is his bait to lure you in. The New Age R.M. turns to you, flashes a roguish, cocky grin and says something so irreverent and so funny that you are struck speechless. Your heart pounds as you think, "Oh my, he can't be an R.M.—he's not anal retentive!" As you continue talking, he casually refers to a foreign country. "Oh, did you go on a mission?" you ask. His eyebrows go up in mock horror. "Don't say it that way," he exclaims. "I feel branded. I won't give you a ring (he doesn't)." You rejoice

because he isn't the "Stereotypical R.M." You can hardly wait for class to roll around again. You wiggle in your seat trembling with anticipation... and... there he is! Your girlhood dreams come true in this New Age R.M. You are blinded, dazzled by the leather hat made by true artisans and by the jaunty way he wears the Peruvian poncho. You think, "Oh, he has soul, he has depth...culture." Soon freshman boys are a thing of the past. Why settle for mere mortal men when you can strive for "gods"? Yes, that's right—experienced, witty, spiritual giants.

He pursues you, already knowing everything he needs to know in this freshman girl's eyes. He sits next to you and make you laugh. You save him a seat. Soon you have your own inside jokes. You pass the class period talking about oh-so-many irrelevant yet important things. Then he asks you for your number and the inevitable "When can we study?" Study—right. You have just fallen victim to one of the classic blunders. Never go up against a New Age R.M. when chastity is on the line.

The next big step: the apartment. You meet his roommates who also happen to be New Age R.M.s and they are all joking about "studying" as they make themselves scarce. You study, really you do. Yet somehow pursuits of the humanities are abandoned as you take up anatomy and Braille. You are thinking, "Oh my gosh, I'm studying with a guy. Wait, no, with a man!" The rest of the afternoon is idyllic as you study. He calls you and you hang out for awhile (two weeks) and then insecurities set in. He lords over you with his age, experience, and the fact that you are reduced to a drooling mess whenever he wears the leather hat. A week passes and you wait by the phone. Two weeks pass and you won't leave your room. Yet three or four

weeks pass and you are still hopeful. The New Age R.M. is thinking, "When is she going to get the clue?"

To him, it was just another conquest. He is on to bigger and better things (a couple of new freshman girls along with a steady "older" woman). Finally something drastic happens, and you realize you've been had. Either friends knock some sense into you, *deja vu* hits, or you see him kiss another girl—whatever it takes, you feel like a grade A fool, a clueless wonder.

So you let up and find out that all of a sudden your charms are held in a new light. He goes out of his way to be more flirtatious, charming and amusing. Watch out for this stage—he's on the rebound. He misses your adoration that used to be his in abundance. This is the stage you could have a lot of fun with, if you are mature enough to handle it. Instead of him playing with your mind, you play with his. It is very satisfying to see a 22-year-old New Age R.M. reduced to a flustered, excited idiot by an innocent, a mere 18-year-old girl.

So there you have it, the strategy of the New Age R.M.

Let's recap it:

1. The Flirtation
2. The Pursuit
3. The Study Session
4. The Blow-off
5. Repeat, if necessary

You can chalk one up for experience. You know what playing the game is now. You can prevent it from happening in the future. This experience is harmless aside from coming out with a wounded pride, feeling slightly foolish yet wise in the ways of the New Age R.M.

Any similarity to returned missionaries who served in Chile, living or dead, is either purely coincidental or extremely funny to me.

BYU Registration Brochures Found to Be Hallucinogenic

from March 31, 1993, Student Enquirer

BYU botanists recently confirmed that the mushrooms pictured on the front of the BYU Fall 1993 Registration pamphlet are of the highly hallucinogenic psilocybin variety.

The botanists began their mushroom research when a number of students reported seeing visions after accidentally consuming the brochure.

According to one student, "My hands were full and so I put the mail in my mouth and I carried it to my room. By the time I got there, all of my Mormon posters were dripping and my Young Womanhood Medallion started talking to me."

Another victim says he saw the Y on the mountain turn into a giant white rose. "Mountain bikers were getting hooked on the thorns in the stem," he reports.

Says another, "I saw the face of R.J. Snow in a Cougarcat taco salad, and then it became the face of Cher, and then I turned another corner and I understood what it meant."

A fourth student, still affected by consumption of the brochure, believes he is a glass of orange juice.

In the wake of the discovery, the brochure's street price rose to \$45 per pamphlet. The Provo postmaster reported mail fraud up fifty percent as students rushed to

steal each others' brochures. Although BYU officials have issued an official recall of the brochure, no one has volunteered to bring his/her pamphlet back.



Matthew Workman's Wasted Characters

A Night at the (Gay) Theater

from March 10, 1993

Let me start this week's column with this disclaimer: I am a heterosexual and, as far as my social life and moral standards will permit, I am a practicing heterosexual. Not that it's any of your business, but some mail we receive here at the *Review* indicates that readers get distracted if they think the author of any article is homosexual. With that in mind, let me tell you about a play I saw last summer: *The Lesbian Vampires of Sodom*.

I found out about this play while working at (of all places) the Hill Cumorah. My co-workers and I were listening to the radio and heard an announcement for two plays put on by the Rochester Gay Theater League: *The Lesbian Vampires of Sodom* and *The Fairy Garden*. As soon as I heard the titles I said, "We have to go, just so we can say we've seen a play called *The Lesbian Vampires of Sodom*." Everyone seemed to agree and seven of us (men and women) made plans to attend. As the day of the performance approached, many people had backed out. By the time performance day arrived, just three of us remained. Just three men who were confident enough of their masculinity not to be afraid to attend an evening of gay theater with friends. Yeah, that's it.

Shortly before we were to leave for the big show, one friend backed out. This caused a bit of a problem, now only two of us would be going. Just me and Andy, a muscular, 20 year-old football player for BYU who had just received a mission call to Mexico. We had really hoped to avoid the magic number of two; people might think that we were, you know, together. We discussed this dilemma, and decided to attend anyway, but not before we both received a lecture from my mother. ("If you guys want to see this play, I think that's great. But if you're going so you can make fun of homosexuals, I don't want you to go." You've got to love my mom.)

Andy and I drove downtown, continually reminding ourselves that the Rochester Gay Men's Choir regularly sings concerts to a very mixed (homosexual and heterosexual) audience. Yup, we were just two guys going to a play that just so happened to be put on by a homosexual theater group.

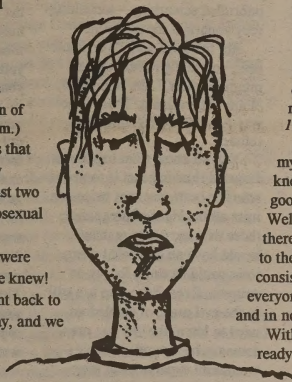
We arrived at the theater and just about lost our nerve. There were lots of guys outside waiting to get in. What if we met someone we knew! They would think that we were, good heavens! We just about went back to the car, but everyone at work knew that we were going to this play, and we didn't want them to call us "chicken".

With our new motivation, we confidently slinked into the theater, eyes down, face forward. We were escorted to our seats by a man dressed in a vampire cape and we quickly buried our faces in the colorful programs we were given. That's when things got interesting. The program claimed the Gay Theater League was formed to provide an original form of entertainment and serve as an alternative to the bar scene. Zoinks! I was at a pick-up spot! That's when Andy told me a man in a turquoise shirt was "checking me out". I looked up from my program and, all of the sudden, I knew just how women must feel when some man gives them "the ol' once over". He was looking at me! I began to vigorously read my program while making sure I was sitting close enough to Andy to make it clear I was not there alone, but still far enough away to indicate that we weren't "involved" or anything.

Mercifully, *Lesbian Vampires of Sodom* began and I was given a unique education. The homosexuals in the play were played out with all the stereotypes, including high voices, limp wrists, and flighty personalities. But that's not all, heterosexuals were portrayed as obscene, belching, farting, crotch grabbing, jerks. "Hey wait," I thought, "that's an unfair stereotype!" Touché.

After an uneasy intermission, the performance ended. Andy and I headed straight for the door, fearing we would get invited to some after-show gathering (the audience seemed very social). We got to the car feeling somewhat threatened by the whole experience. Yup, we felt we had to prove we were still heterosexual. Our celibate lifestyle and lacking social lives eliminated the possibility of doing anything really drastic, so we ended up listening to ZZ Top songs and shouting (in a tone similar to those found in "monster truck" advertisements) catchy little phrases like, "Wow Andy, you and I sure are two heterosexual men!"

It's been over six months since that incident. Andy is out being a faithful missionary in Chicago (they changed his call when he got sick, just in case you're wondering) and I've stopped using my "monster truck" voice when talking to other men. I guess the only real lasting effect from the experience is a fear of vampires. But that's to be expected.



Celebrating National Head Trauma Month

from April 14, 1993

Attention everyone, April is National Head Trauma Month. While I'm not sure if Congress has made it official yet, I have made a point of diligently observing this important holiday for the past two years.

Last April, I made a trip to Las Vegas to celebrate Head Trauma Month. There I was treated to the choice experience of being rear-ended by another driver. The impact of the crash nearly knocked my head off my body (if it had come all the way off, I would have celebrated Severe Head Trauma Month, a holiday made popular by the French Revolution.) That experience taught me an important lesson: I enjoy my head and would like it to remain attached to my neck.

Notwithstanding those feelings, I found a way to again make April a "special month" this year. My roommate Scott and I were in our home playing an exciting version of indoor dodge ball. The object of this game is to take a fast moving ball called a Foxtail and hit your opponent where no opponent should be hit. The game was not going well for me and I stood a very real chance of never having children unless I did something drastic. My brilliant plan was to run towards Scott and then, for no particular reason, make some type of flying leap. While most students of military science will recognize this as a brilliant strategy, there was an unforeseen danger. Between Scott and me was an arched entryway that I thought was quite charming when my friends and I were looking for a place to live last spring. The top portion of my head didn't find this interior design nearly as amusing when they collided at high speed in mid-air.

The blow didn't knock me out, but it did afford me the chance to try out a lot of the new Utah pseudo-obscenities I had learned this semester. Scott asked if I was OK and I, through a series of grunts and writhing, indicated that I was feeling a great deal of anxiety concerning the condition of my head, which by now felt as if it had been used as a special effect for a *Friday the 13th* movie.

Speaking of *Friday the 13th*, after I regained control of my senses, I removed my hands from my head and saw blood! I knew that this must be the end of the road for me. Yes, I had lived a good life and had done everything I had hoped to do in this world. Well, just about everything. I looked at my hand again realized that there really wasn't that much blood, perhaps I could be saved. I went to the kitchen and my roommates and I engaged in First Aid, which consisted of me sticking wads of toilet paper on my head while everyone else said, "Lemme see!" This method proved quite effective, and in no time (about ten minutes) we had the bleeding stopped.

With blood no longer squirting out of the top of my head, I felt I was ready to get on with the rest of my life and go to Pizza Hut or something. But it was not to be. You see, strange things were happening to me. The most noticeable thing was the strange

feeling I had that our house was on a suspension bridge. I was confident our home was swaying back and fourth, even though my roommates assured me I was merely insane. I also began to sing the Cougar fight song backwards, and in Latin. This convinced everyone that we needed to consult the experts; Ask a Nurse. For those of you who haven't heard of it, Ask a Nurse is a wonderful service that you can call when you're sick and want to be put on hold for a long time. Actual quote from the On-Hold Tape, "All it costs you to use Ask a Nurse is your patience." Eventually, a nurse told me I should go to UVRMC (not to be confused with UVCC) and get my head looked at.

We rode off to the hospital, a place that I now only have vague impressions of. This is what I can recall. Med students rubbed alcohol on my head; a nurse gave me a nasty shot; the people in the next room spoke of all the disgusting sexual things they won't be able to do until they recover from the automobile accident they were in; a doctor rubbed more alcohol on my head and told me I would be fine in a few days. That little experience took about two hours and will doubtless cost me several hundred dollars.

Two days later the whole experience has left me dizzy and feeling like I have been beaten with baseball bats, a feeling you get used to if you happen to be from my home state of New York. Perhaps the most remarkable thing that has resulted from my injury is the male bonding that has taken place within our home. A friend of mine, who rarely shares personal feelings, told me yesterday that he was hoping I'd slip into a coma. It seems Homer recently had a coma during an episode of *The Simpsons* and Scott, along with several other of my "friends" thought it would be cool to play the same tricks on me when I came out of it. Maybe next time.

Like I said, with the exception of some severe pain, I'm pretty much OK, but the people at UVRMC gave me a list of things to watch out for in the next few days, just in case. For instance, if I have a change in personality, projectile-type vomiting, seizures, difficulty in talking or walking, or any other irrational behavior, I should consult a doctor immediately. I don't think that should be a problem, though, I mean how many armadillos does it take to open a can of ravioli?

WANTED

**GOOD FOLKS FOR
STUDENT REVIEW POSITIONS**

★ advertising director
★ design director
★ ad reps

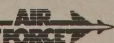
Call Bryan at 373-5286 to apply

AIM HIGH

**BE THE
TECHNICAL
BEST.**

Computer Science. Physics. Electrical Engineering. Meteorology. Atmospheric Sciences. The Air Force is seeking qualified technical specialists to assume immediate responsibilities. As an Air Force professional you can enjoy great pay and benefits — with 30 days of vacation with pay per year and opportunities to advance. If you're the technical best, talk to the Air Force. Call

**AIR FORCE OPPORTUNITIES
CALL COLLECT
1-800-777-7291**



"It's When a Man and a Woman Love Each Other Very Much —"

by **Julia Ford
Tollstrup**

from March 3, 1993

Recently a friend confessed to me that she is pregnant with her third child. Her announcement did not surprise me—she had to get pregnant when she did if she were to get pregnant every two years like she wants; but what did surprise me was the way she found out she was pregnant. She had been really cranky and sick for a while ("really bad PMS" was the phrase she used) and one night the stress of having a husband in his last year of law school, a three-year-old and a one-year-old who defy all laws of gravity, and living in a teeny tiny apartment got to her. She stood in the middle of her living room and just started yelling. We're talking unbridled screaming—something very abnormal for my friend.

Her husband said, "You know dear, you really should take a pregnancy test." She responded, "I am not pregnant. There is no way I could be pregnant. No. I refuse."

You all know what happened. I started thinking that if someone who has been pregnant twice can miss all the signs of pregnancy, those who are newly married would have no clue what symptoms could be cause for joy or concern. Even those who are still in the evil grasp of singledom need to learn, for they too may someday be blessed with the wonderful experience of pregnancy or the living hell a pregnant spouse can bring.

The first thing everyone needs to know is that no birth control is foolproof, not even the Pill—which is why four out of five of my friends have had "pill babies."

Now to the signs that should clue you in to pregnancy. (This is mostly directed to the men, since women, like my friend, spend the early stages of pregnancy in denial.)

Men, if your spouse/partner suddenly develops an insatiable appetite for sex, bring home that E.P.T. test. Some "experts" have said that when a woman is pregnant, she no longer has to worry about unplanned pregnancy, thus freeing herself from worry and increasing her desire for sex. This is what the experts say, but personally it never happened to me. Then again, the "experts" also say the nausea that is common during the first trimester can cause a nose-dive in the physical relationship between husband and wife, this being the more common symptom. So—if your desire goes up, beware; if your desire goes down, beware.

Another sign to watch for is if your partner suddenly starts craving and eating strange food combinations in large doses. For example, when I was still unaware I was pregnant, I had to have at least four soft-taco-supremes-with-mild-sauce from Taco Bell at each sitting. Then it was Miracle Whip sandwiches. That's right, Miracle Whip on two pieces of bread slapped together (it makes my mouth water even now).

At the same time I started eating strange things, normal things like pizza and hamburgers

would make me feel nauseated. Even McDonald's and Pizza Hut commercials on TV would send me to the bathroom throwing up. So if your spouse starts saying things like, "This commercial makes me sick," she may not be speaking figuratively.

Another sign of pregnancy is that the prospective mother no longer goes to school, work, etc. and stays in her pajamas all day. She acts like she's sick, which she is. Nearly everything makes you sick when you're pregnant. When I was pregnant, even the simple act of brushing my teeth could cause me to throw up. In fact, my gag reflex became so acute during the first five months of my pregnancy that once, when my husband tried to slip me the tongue, I had to slip to the bathroom, quickly.

The last sign, the one my friend overlooked, is extended PMS. The reason I include this is that when a woman is pregnant, the levels of hormones in her body can be 800 times higher than her normal levels (fact). Knowing this can make it easier on the male partner when his wife/partner wakes him in the middle of the night, accusing him with shouts of, "You selfish louse, what were you thinking when you said WE should get pregnant?!"

All these things are indicators of pregnancy. So if you or your partner exhibit any or all of these signs, rush to the nearest store and get a home pregnancy test. And if the test is negative, take one at your doctor's. Especially if the symptoms persist. And congratulations on your pending arrival. Parenthood is an adventure.

BYU Introduces New "Alma Pater" Fight Song

from March 31, 1993, *Student Enquirer*

In response to the demands of BOYS (the BYU Organization of Young Studs), BYU officials announced that the Cougar fight song has been changed.

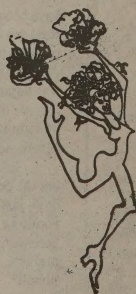
"We're tired of singing about an Alma Mater," BOYS president Andro Gustoson announced. "All we ever hear about is women, women, women."

BOYS presented a new "Alma Pater" to BYU officials on Thursday. On Friday, BYU officials gave their approval of the song.

"The lyrics show a new, fiercer, more conservative, more manly BYU," said BYU Spokesboy Meg Moot. "It makes me excited just singing it."

"We wanted something that the armies of Helaman could sing. We wanted something that said, 'Don't mess with the Elders of Israel,'" explained Gustoson.

BOYS gave the *Enquirer* an exclusive copy of the lyrics:



OH RISE ALL LOYAL BOYS
AND SAVE THIS UNIVERSITY
FROM NON-WHITES, CIVIL RIGHTS,
DIVERSITY!
RUSH LIMBAUGH IS TRUE.
NEW WORLD ORDER WON'T DO.
SCREW WOMEN'S RIGHTS! WE LOVE DO GRITZ!
COME ON BIRCHERS IT'S UP TO YOU!

RISE AND SHOUT! LET'S KICK LIBERALS OUT.
WE HAVE NO ROOM FOR FEMINAZIS.
TURN UP THE HEAT! OUR HONOR POLICE
WILL SPY ON ALL THEM HOT-TO-TROT-SIES.
IRON RULE WILL SAVE THIS GREAT SCHOOL
FOR UPPER CLASSES, NOT THE MASSES!
THOSE WHO JOIN OUR THROG
MUST BE CONSERVATIVE AND BLOWD!
MORE WHITE SHEEP WILL STRENGTHEN THE BLUE—
LET'S GO BOYS OF BYU



Great Ward

by Dave Seiter

from November 25, 1992

You don't need to live in Utah long before you notice the obvious commercial exploitation of Mormon culture and values. Computer stores offer a free LDS Scripture database with the purchase of any system; camping stores sell emergency and survival goods under the guise of 72-hour kits; insurance agencies offer "BYU approved" health insurance; hotels target General Conference goers; and Zions Bank proudly boasts that it is the bank that Brigham started. If the current trend continues, I wouldn't be surprised if folks started advertising garment-length shorts and diamond rings that will last "as long as your marriage." Why, I'm sure that if it was kosher, they'd have the GA's on local TV endorsing their favorite brand of hair creme (can you see Boyd K. Packer doing Grecian Formula?).

The one that really takes the cake, though, is the one where apartment complexes list "Great Ward" as one of the amenities that come with the apartment. Wait a minute! Who decides whether or not it's a great ward? Does the complex change their sign when the membership changes and the ward pretty much stinks? What next? Are they going to start advertising "Easy Bishop"? Well, we in Campus Life, ever concerned that you not fall prey to this sort of advertising scheme, have come up with a system—a formula, if you will, on how to judge the "greatness" of a ward.

The beauty of this system is that it takes into account your own personal value structure. Just one or two visits to your prospective ward and you will be able to calculate its "greatness quotient." Simply fill out the key below:

1. The Datability

This is, of course, the single most important factor in the formula. It is figured by adding the number of attractive members of the opposite sex, and then subtracting those that are obviously out of your league and those sitting closely to another member of your sex.

2. The Bishop:

This depends upon the kind of bishop you want. Whether it be the fatherly type with plenty o' stories or the middle-aged preacher, it's up to you. This may not be so readily apparent on your first visit. However, if you see only half the congregation take the sacrament, and you are looking for a bishop who will sign your ecclesiastical endorsement without taking church attendance into consideration, you may not want to give the bishop a high rating.

3. Testimony Meeting:

Do you like a testimony meeting in which you have to race to the front as soon as the person conducting turns the time over to the congregation, or do you like the kind that allow you plenty of time for silent meditation between testimonies. Points may be added or subtracted, depending on your personal

taste, and for the number of damp tissues at the end of the meeting.

4. Family Home Evening Group:

Is the ward the capture-the-flag-in-rock-canyon type or the pictiary-tournament type? And more importantly, which type are you?

5. Diversity Factor:

Diversity can be a threatening and scary thing for some people. If you are one of these poor souls, all you have to do is add the number of women in long, pastel, floral dresses to the number of men with missionary white shirts. If this number is equal to or greater than 90% of the total number of people in the ward then you are okay. Otherwise, keep looking.

6. Comfortability Factor:

Something unique to BYU, where not all pews are created equal. Wards with priesthood or Relief Society meetings in the Varsity Theater receive maximum points. Wards with meetings in the MARB lie at the other end of the comfort spectrum unless reading periodic tables during sacrament meeting rates high on your list.

7. Meeting Schedule: The 9-12 block is the best for you early-rising-Sunday-dinner-cooking-sick-visiting-scripture-reading-home/visiting-teaching-fire-side-going saints, while the 1-4 block is preferable for you partying-'till 4 a.m. -sleeping-in-'till-noon types. This, consequently, has a big impact on your attendance and church activity so don't take this factor too lightly.

8. Marriage Consciousness: If you're lookin' to get hitched, you need to find a ward with an elders quorum and bishopric serious about setting marriage-related goals. If you are trying to put off marriage for another couple years, go to Berkeley or ASU. Whatever you do, leave the state as soon as possible.

9. Social Factor: This one is related to the FHE Factor. But, though they go hand in hand, each has its own significant impact on a ward's "greatness quotient." Wards that can pull off Ward Prayer, without indoor facilities, during the dead of winter are a flock of die-hard social butterflies. However, you may prefer the less rugged social setting of quilting bees or singing treks to local nursing homes. Find the ward with activities to your liking.

10. Newspaper Factor: Certainly the most tell-tale factor in a ward's personality is its source of printed information and entertainment. Wards whose members read predominantly the *Utah County Journal* obviously differ from those that subscribe to the *Salt Lake Tribune*. There are *Deseret News* wards, *Daily Universe* wards, *USA Today* wards, *Wall Street Journal* wards, *New York Times* wards, and of course, the celestial *Student Review* wards. The choice is yours.

That's it! Just ten easy steps to figure out your ward's "greatness quotient." So next time you see an apartment complex touting "Great Ward" as one of its marketable amenities, don't be fooled. Take the time to look into it for yourself. It could have eternal consequences.



BOB AND SUE, like thousands of their elders, have learned the truth about the "lying allure of liquor."

Best of the Eavesdropper

September 15, 1992, 12:35 P.M., At the Top of Maeser Hall

Wife: Have I ever breathed so hard?
Husband: Only when we're ...

September 3, 1992, 10:05 A.M., In the A-C Line for Activity Stickers

Woman at desk: Did they let you in with that moustache?
Student: No, I grew it in line.

October 20, 3:30 P.M., Fieldhouse Tennis Court
Married male to male tennis partner: Don't say anything, but I told my wife I was going to the temple.

January 26, 4:15 P.M.

Roommate to another: I haven't kissed him yet, but I've slept with him.

February 17, 7:45 P.M., Outside Heritage Halls

Male freshman to another: Chicks love it when you use non-sixist words.

June 15, 3:55 P.M., State Street, Salt Lake

Woman to friend: You know, I have a Jewish friend who loves coming to Utah because it's the only place she's a gentile.

February 9, 1:10 A.M., In a House on 500 N.

Woman: The problem with you is you're too apathetic.
Man: I don't care.

June 23, 11:00 A.M., Third Floor, HBL

Thirtysomething male student: What is a provost, anyway?
Late teens woman: It's the superlative of Provo. The provost is simply the "most Provo" person at BYU.

January 28, 11:30 A.M., Mama's Cafe

Woman to group of friends: I'm so tired...not because I study, because I'm stupid.

February 10, 8:23 A.M., SFLC 3236

Cougarette [on a poverty-stricken tribe in Mexico]: Well, why don't they just send the peace corpse?

May 10, 3:00 P.M., BYU Motion Pictures Studio Park

Female student: You are so great at making hamburgers.
Male student: Yeah. I used to work at Dairy Queen. I was the Brazier Stallion.
Female student: Wow.

February 23, 10:35 A.M., Mama's Cafe

Cashier: Have you heard about Benefit for Bosnia?
Woman: What's a Bosnia?

June 23, 9:55 A.M., EWLC Cafeteria

Little girl: Mommy, where's the marriage center?
Mother: Oh, you mean the Marriott Center?

January 24, 1:10 P.M., West Provo Ward Building

One man to another: We fight so much, if we weren't married, we'd probably break up and get back together again in three months.

July 10, 10 A.M., JSB Lobby

Middle-aged woman: When my first baby was born, I had the most primeval urge just to lick him. So when no one was around I did.

February 14, 7:36 P.M., Winfield Apartments

One man to another: Man, you're thinking all the time. It doesn't make sense.

June 18, 4:05 P.M., Outside the Talmage Building

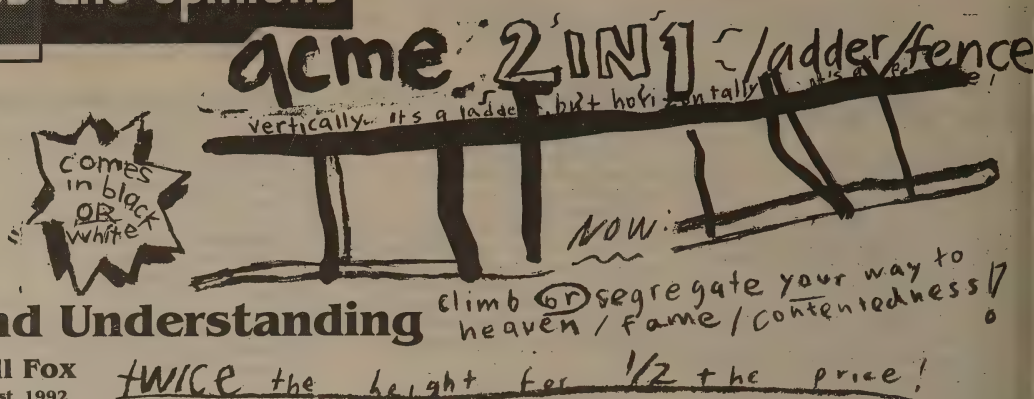
Male student #1: Have you ever seen Dali's version of the last supper?
Male student #2: Dolly Parton?

February 17, 2:17 P.M., Humanities Department

Teacher to student: the sign reads "The world is our campus," not "The world is our Blazer B Class."

February 9, 1:30 A.M., Kinko's on 700 E.

Fire-side audienc member [regarding the Marriott Center Ordeal]: I mean, if you're going to bum-rush someone in front of thousands of people like that, you should at least dress well.



Beyond Understanding

by Russell Fox
from October 21st, 1992

Despite the beautiful October sky over the BYU campus, I was melancholy. I often am, actually. This time however, the melancholy seemed a bit more deep, a bit less superficial. Not sure why. I was walking out of the north end of the HFAC, heading towards the ASB. I wasn't thinking about my direction though, nor the construction around me. My mind was busy running through my Things to Do list, a list I make every day and never keep. Well, almost never.

Anyway, though it was only mid-morning, I knew I couldn't possibly start all the books, finish all the assignments, meet all the people and conduct all the meetings I wanted to that day, and it depressed me. I have a tendency to equate Education with some sort of Grace, which attends only those whose purposes are clear, and makes it possible for them to arrange their affairs, write their papers, complete their assignments and still have time for intellectual conversation at a friend's house in the evening. But life for me always seems to be on the verge of some grand, just-around-the-corner transition—perhaps one that I only imagine for myself, in order to put off responsibility? In any case, that elusive Grace never attends my disordered affairs, and thus I often fail my ideals. It makes me wonder why I bother with an education at all.

Such was my state of mind when I smelled the cigarette smoke.

I hate cigarettes. I tolerate most vices, and engage in more than a few myself, but smoking is not one of them. Forget the damage and death: smoking looks and smells repulsive. The first time I was ever threatened in Korea was about cigarettes. A teenager, flushed deep red with drink, wanted to know why Americans shoved their cigarettes upon Korean markets. I wanted to ask him why he was stupid enough to buy them, but I ignored him instead. Still, his accusation added to my hatred of the habit—here I was, being associated with the tobacco lobby!—and so I turned to my left, to see who the guilty party was.

There I saw a man, bearded, middle-aged, helmeted, wearing sunglasses and a dirty white t-shirt, his pale grey cigarette drooping as he smoothed out the wet cement with some tool (what are those things called?, I wondered) around the base of the half-finished art museum, not ten feet from me. Nothing special; just a construction worker, one of the dozens who do seemingly endless work on the corners of our campus, never coming far inland, always on the periphery. If this man on my left saw me, perhaps, out of the corner of his eye, he didn't acknowledge it.

Why should he? I thought suddenly, some angry part of my mind taking control of my consciousness. Twelve thousand white people, with nylon backpacks and leather shoes, pass him by everyday. Why would he want to look at them—at you? Sure, for all intents and purposes, you're the one who hired him, through proxies, to build for your education an art museum ... but that doesn't mean he has to turn away from his job to give you the time of day.

There was a high chain link fence separating us, separating me from this man who had probably smoked for years and years and thought nothing of it, who perhaps had a family and children who were sometimes disobedient (as all children are) and a mother who wondered why her son was working construction at the age of forty.

What are you saying?! my conscience, now accusing me, called out to me again. Are you claiming that you have something over this man? You know nothing about him. You don't know how he was raised, or what he's studied, or how he's suffered or what he's proud of. Even assuming he is everything your ill-informed stereotype makes him out to be, do you really think reading books by Heidegger and winning writing contests and knowing a foreign language puts you in some sort of position to judge him? Assuming that it's possible to pull far enough back to see everything in perspective, what do you honestly think is more important to more people—writing an award-winning article on an author read by a half-dozen self-styled scholars, or making a smooth sidewalk walked on by thousands every day?

I wondered if I could get this man, whom I now faced and watched intently, unself-consciously, to talk to me. What would he say, I asked myself, if I clambered over this fence—twelve feet high, perhaps—and dropped down where he was and asked him to teach me what he knows? I don't know how to smooth cement, I would say. I don't have any practical skills, really. I talk, I write. I know how to milk cows, but I left the farm a long time ago, and now I'm trapped in some sort of academic race, one leading me into more and more self-important and esoteric realms where I don't think anyone (even me) wants to go. I'm not sure it's real. As one of my teachers once said of the writings of French philosopher Jacques Derrida, "There aren't any people in there." So, please, if you have time, teach me to smooth a sidewalk. That much I could learn, I think.

He'd throw his cigarette into your face, my friend Dave told me, later. He'd say, "Get outta here, rich boy. I got work to do. Go get a job or something. Don't come to me."

Dave and I sat upstairs in the Maser Building, where the Honors students gather

to talk to themselves and each other. It was later that afternoon, and we listened to a professor speak about the need for more buildings, higher tuition, and stricter standards here at BYU. Excellence is what we're after, he said. Don't be afraid of the word "elitist." If you want to have a quality education, well, you've got to pay for it, and this school has got to pay for it. I have thousands of books in my personal library, in a dozen languages, and they only give me a tiny office here. It's crazy. We need to re-arrange our priorities. BYU ought to have a student body of about seven or eight thousand, maximum. I know I'm a radical, but that's what I believe. And so forth.

Dave poked my side and asked me what I thought of all this man was telling us. I confided to him about my epiphany that morning, my moment of staring at the man on my left, the man beyond the fence. I told him what I had wanted to ask the man, how I wanted to forget my Things to Do List and climb over the fence and sit at his feet and learn. That's when Dave answered my earlier question for me, with barely subdued anger. He told me that he was afraid: afraid people were taking the easy—the elitist—way out of the pressure that this school (with its enrollment ceilings and skyrocketing standards and increasing expense) and their situation was putting upon them.

We are pushed up against the fence we have built with our divisive economics and blind prejudice, he said. On the other side are the construction workers, the midwives, the firemen and policewomen, the store managers and shoe salesmen and restaurant waiters. Once, it was easy to forgive ourselves for not understanding those on the other side. They were the wrong color, the wrong faith, the wrong class; they were lepers, illiterate, social outcasts, nerds. They put no pressure on us, for the weapons we had against them—their own color, age, gender, whatever—was part of them, and thus always ready to be made, by us, part of the fence. But now something—the goodness of God? the Last Days? postmodernism? the federal debt?—is making smaller and smaller the place where we stand, making us look ever closer at those we once dismissed. And they are looking back.

We could tear down the fence, or at least try, Dave whispered to me. We could truly accept the implications of diversity. But instead, as we watch our foundations disappear, we throw more and more people over to the other side, to keep our position exclusive and safe. We turn to regulations, rather than reform, letting in only those who can play our more and more meaningless game. It's a fraud, what this man is telling us about BYU. It convinces us of our superiority, comforts us in our already fortunate position, and makes us think we're beyond everyone else.

I nodded my head, thinking about a starving woman I saw in Korea. She bolted out of an alleyway behind me as I waited for my bus. She tore desperately into a trash heap that included a half-eaten carton of ice cream which had just been dumped there. She was a human being, and so was I, but I stood there silently and watched as this crazed person gobbled up garbage, smearing ice cream all over her face, like she would never eat again. After watching a while, after watching a man kick her again and again to get her off the sidewalk, my bus came, and I left; went back to my missionary work, as I had left the fence and construction worker that morning, and gone back to my books. My interesting, but impractical, fence-building books.

It is, of course, insulting to all the principals involved to compare the two situations, except perhaps in one way: in both cases, what I saw was beyond understanding. That I know, now. I could not understand another person who, in the latter case at least, was in terrible need of compassion and concern on my part. My position, my fortunate and absolutely arbitrary social status, with my self-defined "important" opportunities, makes understanding the men we cheaply buy to build for us a shady place to view mixed oils and twisted plastic simply beyond my ability. The construction worker lives in a mortgaged home in south Provo, my roommate's family lives in a palace in the best part of Salt Lake. The division is too wide, the fence too tall. And listening to educated men, who make the fatal mistake of actually thinking much of their education, will never tear it down.

So now, sometimes, when I bother to look up and I watch the bright October sky turn pale and uncompromising, I try to imagine Education differently, and I pray for a different sort of Grace. There is much I can understand, and I do not doubt that this university, and the books on my shelf, can help me do it, after a fashion. But those books, those blessings, will also fail me, and confine me ever more firmly, if I do not pray and work for compassion, sensitivity, careful concern and humility. There are times, I know, when recognition and mutuality can make a "peace ... which surpasseth all understanding" (Philippians 4:7). I'd like to be educated, but only if I can do it without losing the wisdom of knowing that an academic degree can only take me so far, can only, in any real sense, mean so much. I think of other friends of mine: Joanna at the rape-crisis center, Christopher at the food shelter, Heather who helps her father build houses during the summer. It is that sort of work, that sort of true diversity of occupation and attitude, which will allow us to move beyond understanding, and cross the fence. Or perhaps, to merely greet openly and humbly those who will come towards us if—no, when—the fence finally comes down.

Suicidal Dilemmas

by Ralph Barney

Professor of Communications

from November 11, 1992

A tortured soul loses patience with life's trials, puts a loaded gun to her head and pulls the trigger. She has probably died alone, leaving family and friends to agonize over what went wrong, what they did and what they ought to have done differently. Their primary concern is about the victim who found the burden so great she preferred to end her life.

In the local newspaper or television newscroom, the immediate concern is different and somewhat less agonizing: What should the larger society this young woman lived in learn of her and her fate?

A first option is to publish a story of the death (it is intolerable in a civilized society to trivialize human life by allowing one to slip away without public notice). The story would have appropriate details, including identity, of the young woman's life. To avoid more family trauma, cause of death would be omitted.

Another option is public recognition that a suicide occurred, done without naming the person involved. This option notifies society of events in its midst, alerting the community to lives gone awry and to symptoms of potential problems.

Both options, accepted practices for humanitarian reasons, deceive audiences because neither provides full relevant information. Crucial information is withheld in both cases, thus faulty images are created in the minds of readers and viewers.

The ethical problem of who should be protected from the public spotlight of disclosure at the expense of public knowledge grows more agonizing as media presence overwhelms our lives.

Emotionally, it is difficult not to shrink from revictimizing people already devastated by a personal tragedy. It is that consideration that causes newscasters to select one or the other of the deceptive options.

In a recent case in Provo, a newspaper selected one option, a television station the other, making the full information available to an alert information gatherer.

The problem is that to publish full details about a suicide or other sensitive death (AIDS, an auto accident with another's spouse, etc.) can always be criticized as of little social value, while the damage that is done is easily and universally recognized.

Thus, a case needs to be made that to distribute information is a moral imperative in a society in which we all are called upon to seek our own rewards and to protect our own flanks from a myriad of dangers. All these call for information as the necessary element for consistently good decisions by the individual.

To look at the consequences of ignorance, try an exercise in what you probably do not know at the moment. How many BYU students have died of AIDS? Provo residents, Utah residents? How many AIDS or HIV-positive students are there on campus, in Provo, in all of Utah? Is AIDS an immediate threat, or does it remain a distant, abstract menace.

An understandable policy of not listing cause of death in obituaries in Utah newspapers has had the deplorable side effect, when combined with neglect of the subject in the media, of creating an illusion that, because we don't talk about it, AIDS is a minor-to-non-existent problem in the state. Some obscure sources, on the other

hand, have said more than 350 have died of AIDS in Utah and the state will have 40,000 cases by the end of the century. At the moment, we have to assume those are terminal cases.

When it comes right down to it, how many suicides have occurred at BYU; how many date rapes; how many football players have stolen newspapers and other objects and had their plane stopped on the runway so the coach could personally pay their tab? These are topics that, for a variety of reasons, are seldom put on the agenda out of a sense of consideration for personal feelings, or of image.

A dynamic society needs information and that information needs to be specific in nature. Specific information creates a sharp image: I am much more likely to place a suicide or an AIDS death in perspective if I can match a name to a face, or to a location. Until details are provided, the event remains remote and hazy in my mind.

It may be that the names of suicide victims should not be published, but the decision should be made on the basis of a balanced discussion between the needs of the overall community and the anguish of family and friends. A democratic society is a bit of a cruel one in which the sheltering of individual feelings is sometimes a luxury that has a harsh payback in victimizing others. If I have a feeling that (a) suicide cannot happen at BYU, and (b) if it did, it would be only really strange people who did it, I may postpone counseling and treatment until it is too late. The better informed I am about a subject, the more likely I am to make valid personal decisions.

Ralph D. Barney
Professor in Communications

Letter from a BYU Faculty Member (Tomi-Ann Roberts)

March 10, 1993

Dear Student Review Editors,

I have become increasingly disenchanted with the Ecclesiastical Endorsement/Honor Code system, and what I see as a growing trend toward its abuse. This semester, I have been personally involved with two cases in which students were expelled from the university for arbitrary and unfair reasons, and before they had a chance to defend themselves or appeal the decision.

The purely punitive nature of their treatment tells me that there is no room at this Christian university for human error, nor for repentance. You've made a mistake? You're out. The logical consequence of this approach is that many who are suffering and would prefer to go to their bishops do not, for fear of being punished. I have spoken with several such students in the past two years—under the most tragic circumstances, students who were raped but no feared being kicked out of school that they carried their experience silently with them, enduring unspeakable pain and often self-condemnation for their victimization.

One of my students received a letter three weeks ago that told her that her ecclesiastical endorsement had been revoked. Had been. No notice that she needed to go in and talk things over with her bishop or the Honor Code Office; rather the jig was up before she even had any idea why. She called me at home, her voice trembling, unsure of how to proceed and in need of my support. She and her father had decided to speak to an attorney, which I thought was a good idea. We went together to see her stake president. He refused to discuss the "details" of her "case" with me in the room, highlighting for me the fact that the confidentiality I had assumed was designed to protect her was actually meant to protect him.

The stake president said to my student, "I am very surprised by your attitude of defensiveness," and clearly implied that she must be guilty is she was considering getting a lawyer to represent her. It reminded me of the Salem witch trials! Acting incredulously that a student is trying to defend herself against being hurt, and treating that defensiveness as evidence to support your suspicion that she's guilty, is like throwing someone in the water as a test of her virtue. If she floats, through her efforts to stay alive, she's a witch! If she sinks, she's innocent—but, of course, dead.

Sadly, in the end, my student dropped out of school of her own accord, mostly because in the two weeks of upheaval that the original notice caused her, she had fallen hopelessly behind in her work.

The other case was perhaps even more disillusioning. Two weeks ago, on of my favorite students this semester came to my office with a withdrawal-from-BYU form for me to sign. I expressed my disappointment that she'd be leaving my class, and said that I would miss her lively comments and enthusiastic approach to the material, when she began to cry. "Why are you leaving?" I said. "I don't want to!" she cried. She

proceeded to tell me a story that has so troubled me that I have lost sleep and have spent hours in conversation with the administration, the Honor Code Office, and her parents.

Against the advice of her friends, and ever her mother, the student went to her bishop to discuss a series of incidents from one year ago. She still felt terribly guilty about her sinfulness and was having trouble getting over some haunting memories and feelings of self-condemnation. She and her family had already spent countless hours in prayer over this experience, but she felt it was important to speak with her student ward bishop to continue her own healing and repentance process. What she got was a stinging slap in the face. To her utter surprise, about three weeks after beginning to talk with him, he said that she would have to withdraw from school or be expelled.

My efforts to understand how this system works, and what kinds of options my student had available to her, took me down one dead-end road after another. The Honor Code Office claims it has no say in decisions concerning ecclesiastical infringements. But bishops claim that the final decision to terminate a student is made by the Honor Code Office. Passing the buck this way (which happened in both of these cases) left the students and their parents understandably confused, and ultimately unable to determine their own rights to appeal this muddled process.

My chat with the Honor Code Office was truly disconcerting. They repeatedly emphasized that my student was withdrawing voluntarily, and had not in fact been "kicked out." The office actually believes that it does students a favor by "allowing" them to withdraw from BYU themselves, rather than be kicked out. "What kind of mercy is that?" I argued—to no avail. In the case of my two students, and many others I have encountered, this "allowance" was as merciful as saying, "Here, take this gun and shoot yourself . . . if you don't, we'll do it for you."

One of the aspects of this system which I find particularly troubling is its arbitrary nature. Everyone knows that there are vast discrepancies in the ways bishops and stake presidents respond to their member's moral transgressions. If my student had lived within the boundaries of a different ward, perhaps only two blocks away, her whole life might be different right now. She might still be in my class, learning eagerly as she had for so many weeks, her eyes wide, always sitting in the front row. She might be happy. She might have had a sense of belonging, and therefore, the strength to move beyond that experience of one year ago, and on to a bright future.

If I have learned one thing from all of this, it is that you simply cannot legislate morality. You must give people a sense of belonging to a group, and trust in its leaders. Only then will they want to behave in accordance with the moral code established by the group. For the bishops and stake presidents of these two women to say, as they did, that they were above all concerned with their spiritual well-being, is insulting and flies in the face of what they are experiencing now—alone, confused, and heading for unfulfilling jobs at minimum wage.

As a non-Mormon in this community, it is hard for me to imagine other Christian denominations treating their own members with such a lack of respect and forgiveness.

Sincerely,

Tomi-Ann Roberts, Ph.D.
BYU Psychology Department

Freshman Reflections: Perils and Problems in the Dorms

by Margreta Sundelin, Justin Jones, Ann Larson,
a freshman who asked not to be named,
and an ex-freshman, currently in hiding

from November 25, 1992

We didn't do it on purpose. Our parents hate us—that's why we live in the dorms. Either that, or Mom and Dad simply forgot the true nature of their experiences here. No, it's not easy to be specific when writing about the disadvantages of living in Helaman Halls or Deseret Towers; doing so is like trying to write politely about some of the problems associated with taking up residence in Alcatraz. Put plainly, living on campus means constant supervision (especially over associations with the opposite sex). Plus, the rooms are way too small, the food stinks, and the cost is way out of line. And then, of course, there are the rules.

Do not throw things out your window. Heck, do not open your window. The Head Resident of our dorms provided us with 34 such rules at the beginning of the semester. As residents, we are—of course—expected to abide by all of them. In our search for truth, however, we discovered that so many silly rules exist that there are more ways to be in a state of disobedience to them than you could possibly dream.

The women in one DT lobby were not aware of the following rule until it was announced to them by their RA: "Face cards are of the devil." (We're not kidding, she really said that). They were playing Go Fish or something sinful like that (yee, and the table limit was \$200, uh huh). The guilty party—she who had brought face cards onto BYU property—was booted from the lobby. No open sin of that sort allowed in the BYU dorms! The culprits were given service hours as punishment for their misconduct. They were also warned never to play cards in their lobby again.

Readers of this fine publication are familiar with the little problem the Student Review is having with the administration. It has been decided that the SR is allowed on campus (i.e., you won't be arrested for carrying one) but cannot be distributed on campus. And, handing out *Reviews* to your fellow fresh-friends (and whomever else is

sharing the dorm experience with you) has been declared distributing, and thus illegal. One recent cleaning check resulted in one of us (who lives with a notorious slob) receiving a much lower score than his roommate; his yellow scorecard had the vicious message "No Student Reviews!" scrawled across the bottom in red ink. The *Reviews* (twenty or so) were stacked neatly on the desk. When this man complained, he was informed that no more than one copy of the Student Review can be in anyone's possession because of its "ad content": passing out *Student Reviews* to one's friends, it seems, is solicitation and selling. If that's the case, it's certainly strange

how folks from the outside world of Provo can come into the dorms and slide pizza discount ads and heaven knows what else under our doors any day of the week. Hmm. Perhaps somebody has their wires crossed. Or perhaps the low score was simply a result of the "Clinton/Gore" sign he had in his window.

Two or three times a day, dorm dwellers are invited to enter toxic-fat factories euphemistically referred to as dining halls. There carcinogenic wastelands serve up numerous foreign delicacies to students, with ambiguously-named entrees like "Steak-n-Everything"—no doubt so named to give the cooking staff leeway in deciding just what sort of meat by-products they ought to serve us. Also truly appetizing are the rancid chicken and ham chunks they try to pass off as salad toppings. And it amazes us that even here, in the Jello capitol of the world, they still haven't found the appropriate consistency of gelatin and water.

If the meals aren't enough to scare you into giving up food, the condition of the dishes and utensils certainly are. Friends, we know the kitchen workers try their best, but it simply isn't an uncommon occurrence to find particles of yesterday's food still attached to your dishes. Because of the large number of glasses in dorm cafeterias (due primarily to the almost exorbitant number of those crazy 2 x 2 in. glasses BYU provides to satisfy our thirst) you are usually more successful in your search for a clean glass than a plate or bowl. But beware: one of our number picked up her glass only to find lipstick prints on it. (She wasn't wearing lipstick, in case you have to ask.)

Are there any options besides the dorms for first-year students? Yes. Any one of us in the dorms pays around \$285 a month for our 15 x 20 ft. bit of luxury and Chuck Wagon cuisine. Monticello, on the other hand, would cost us only \$180 a month, with any long-distance phone bills to be added to that. Allowing for some decent (read: healthy and good-tasting) food budgeting, we could come in well below the BYU dorm price. Someplace nicer like King Henry would be about \$200 a month; if we ate well, we'd be just breaking even with the dorm costs—and the idea of a jacuzzi and minimal supervision makes that sound downright appealing.

Unfortunately, most of us fresh-types, (just beginning real life as we are), don't have any mode of transportation to call our own. Living away from campus then (especially when you're just learning your way around) can be a problem. But then, perhaps a mass exodus off campus by incoming freshmen and women would result in other students learning from their younger peers' example: you don't need a car to go everywhere. Yes, we can see it now—a whole generation of new students renouncing the toxic environment of the dorms to live happy, healthy (and much more sane and normal) lives off-campus, contributing to a healthier environment while they're at it!

Of course, this might mean a reduction in the family atmosphere of the dorms, which one of our friends described as "hundreds of family members living together in a state of constant Family Home Evening." But then, that might be an argument to escape all on its own.

WE'RE GROWING.

While you've been enjoying the summer, we've been making the Rock Garden an even better place to climb and train. A new cooling system. A slew of new holds. A new stereo.

Best of all, we're building a new cutting-edge bouldering area and getting rid of the gravel, installing crash pads and shredded Teva rubber.

And even with all the improvements, it's still cheaper to climb here than to buy two bags of potato chips.



THE ROCK GARDEN
22 S. FREEDOM
BLVD.
375-2388
M-F 12-10
SAT 10-12



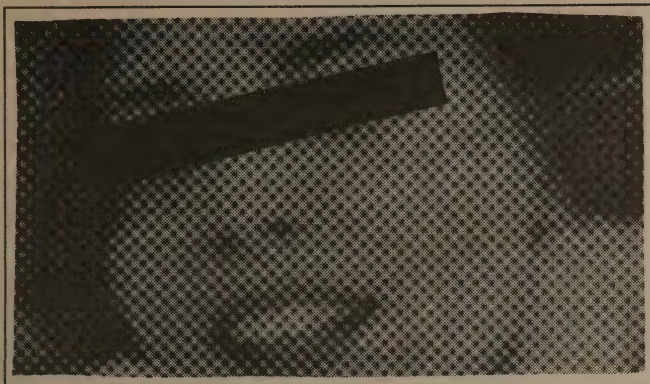
Diamonds and Wedding Sets at
wholesale prices. Save 50%-60%.

We can beat any price. Our's start

at half that of other jewelers; we buy from the dealers that they do so all merchandise is top quality and is guaranteed. You get the highest quality for the lowest price anywhere. Compare us with others and save. Free men's wedding band w/purchase of any engagement set.

1/2 carat D. rings from \$750-\$1300. 3/4 carat D. rings from \$1300-\$2500. 1 carat D. rings from \$2500-\$3900.

Large selection. For an estimate or appointment call Queen Wholesale Diamonds & Jewelry Co. 371-0696.



**WE'D LIKE TO
REMIND YOU THAT THE
UNCENSORED CONTENT
OF THIS NEWSPAPER IS
MADE POSSIBLE BY
THE CONSTITUTION OF
THE UNITED STATES.**

THE CONSTITUTION
The words we live by

To learn more about the Constitution write: Constitution, Washington, DC 20540. The Constitution on the Bicentennial of The U.S. Constitution.

Just the Dirty Parts: Artistic Censorship at BYU

by Joanna Brooks

from April 14, 1992

A few months ago, I met with one of the editors of *Inspire* to review a story of mine for publication. Knowing the constraints under which BYU publications like *Inspire* operate, I was very surprised that they wanted this story—it was, after all, about two individuals who leave their respective lovers to run off together into the New Mexico desert. Not your average Cougar love story.

Nothing explicit, really. I'm too squeamish for that. But, the story did end in a motel room, with the couple getting into bed. In the story, I describe the man washing his face and the woman sitting up straight in bed. He turns out the lights and gets in. She turns on her side to go to sleep. And he puts a hand on her back. The final line: "It was both the right and the wrong thing to do."

"And then," my editor said, looking at me expectantly.

"It's over," I said.

"But, can't you end it with something different?" he said.

"Why?" I said.

"Well, I don't think it will pass like this. It looks like they have sex."

"Looks like? Where do they have sex? Can you show me a sentence where I even allude to sex?" "No, but, they're in a motel room. You know."

"No, I don't know. I thought the story ended."

"Can't you just put 'Then, we sleep.' in for the last line so that we know they don't have sex."

This seemed ridiculous to me. As an author, I felt like that ambivalent ending was pretty important to the story. The text didn't say they had sex. And any reader who automatically assumed that they did doesn't deserve my accommodation.

I didn't change the story. And, as I expected, it didn't get selected. They asked for another one. No illicit sex this time. Two characters who love each other, get married young, and try to make it work. The woman happens to smoke cigarettes when she gets nervous. Alcohol surfaces now and then, on special occasions. A screwdriver after the wedding announcement. A drunk man selling bus tickets.

This story too, as I expected, was rejected. So were drawings—nudes—prepared for the issue by my artist friend Lupe.

None of this rejection upset me terribly. It's par for the course for BYU and I don't blame the editors. Those people censor to save their jobs and their lives. They have to take the heat from the easily offended and those who read books just to find the dirty parts.

What does fascinate me about this whole situation is why we in this community are so afraid of the supposedly "dirty" parts? Why can't my characters drink a beer now and then? Why are smokers *verboten* in the magical realm

of Mormon fiction, unless they are painted in very dark and insidiously moralizing tones? Let's examine the most oft-cited reasons.

1. *If an author can write it, he or she has probably done it, and we shouldn't be supporting people like that.* Here's imitative fallacy numero uno. Authors don't have to have primary knowledge of a thing in order to write about it. Fiction . . . art itself . . . is mostly lies and liberties. Was Dostoevsky an axe murderer? Nope, but he wrote *Crime and Punishment*. Was Jane Austen a man? Nope, but she wrote male characters. Have I ever bungee jumped? Nope, but I can tell you exactly how nervous I was putting on my harness, how the ground looked from the tower, and describe the feeling in the pit of my stomach as I plunged two stories and rebounded, saved only by a great elastic cord.

It is even easier to fictionalize a character smoking or drinking. Name two brand names of cigarettes? You can, can't you. What else does it take? A match. Inhale. Exhale. Name three brands of beer. So you've never drunk beer? Well then, how did you know those names? You probably read them somewhere. According to postmodern theory, all text is made up of fragments of other texts. So I can write a story entirely about beer drinkers by ripping a few advertisements out of magazines without ever having touched the liquid myself.

2. *But, why should a BYU-sponsored forum focus on or present such worldly images? Shouldn't we uplift? Of course, BYU has the right to print or support whatever it wants. However, I strongly believe that each piece of art should be judged on its own artistic merit and not categorically on the basis of appearance of a cigarette or a pre-marital relationship.*

Spencer Kimball said that BYU would someday produce its own Shakespeares and so forth. However, I can guarantee you that most of Shakespeare's plays would not be allowed in BYU publications. Anyone even mildly acquainted with the bard is acquainted with his ubiquitous sexual innuendo, illicit relationships, Falstaffian drunkards, and bloody murders. Chaucer would also have a difficult time printing in *Inspire*. And Hemingway's smoking, drinking, woman-loving code heroes would never pass the first round of editing. Similarly, Georgia O'Keeffe's flower paintings would probably never grace the HFAC walls.

What we have instead is a self-perpetuating Jack Weyland standard of artistic achievement. Not that alcohol or sex is essential to true art, but honesty about the human condition is. Painful honesty, depth of feeling, willingness to explore in sensitivity the very real facts of our lives. Even our Mormon lives are not devoid of temptation and struggle. However most of this—these "dirty little secrets," as Lee K. Abbot calls them—are

shamed away forever. And with so many human regions forbidden to our discussion and exploration, the depth and breadth and reach of our artistic work is naturally circumscribed.

3. *Well, most of us won't be offended by adult subject matter, but there are some people who will be, and we have to be sensitive to them.* Then those people shouldn't be reading literature. If I don't want to see graphic depictions of human sexual organs, I won't read anatomy textbooks. If I don't want to see mutilated limbs, I won't read first aid manuals. If an individual cannot handle the critical dissemination of human behavior, he or she should not be reading literature.

Literature, after all, is not all morality plays. In creating characters, it does not necessarily create gods for us all to blindly follow. Much literature, in fact, depicts the unfortunate and difficult struggles of its very human characters to impel the reader to empathy and reflection. As Darrell Spencer says, there is just about one theme in all of literature: "Be nice."

And so anyone who dives into a short story must do so buyer beware, as an informed consumer of literature. Informed readers realize that the tradition of literature in English, in any language, yea, verily, even in the Bible itself is rife with unfortunate and evil circumstances.

Informed readers—and the very capable editors who manage BYU publications—will be able to discern when such circumstances are gratuitous and when they are artistically employed.

However, these editors' ability to function is compromised by stupid, small-minded readers who have about as much business traipsing through contemporary fiction as I do critiquing flyfishing technique.

Unfortunately, these readers run rampant at BYU. They read through faculty members' published work searching for something "dirty" that they can xerox off, highlight, and send off to the Board of Trustees (no joke, it's been done).

They pull books from women's and minority literature classes off the bookstore shelves and do the same.

They are the people who make invited guests like Elizabeth Dewberry Vaughn omit pages and pages of her fine fiction during BYU readings for fear of somebody's reaction.

They force the level of literary discourse here to nit-picking over "damns" and "hells" and to counting the number of times "sex" happens in a story.

For example, one editor (working in fear of this audience) found three instances of premarital sex in one of my stories. Three. I didn't even know that about my characters. I thought they were virgins when they married on page two. I guess that's what you call perceptive literary analysis within our culture of shame.



Opinion

Gail Turley Houston,
Assistant Professor of English, BYU

from November 4, 1992

When I first came to BYU two years ago, I was delighted by the diversity of opinions being expressed in the academic arena. But now I am increasingly concerned, for despite all the good intentions on the part of those directly involved in the writing of the academic freedom document, I believe that the document and the machinations going on behind the scenes spell the end of academic freedom on this campus. (My natural curiosity leads me to wonder: Why weren't faculty allowed to vote on the document? Why the continuing exegesis and defense of the *Sunstone* Symposium statement? Why the secretive way the new clause was put in teaching contracts with no asking for input from the faculty? Why have we moved to a hierarchical, theocratic model regarding the relationship between faculty and administration rather than retaining the traditional spirit of universities, that is, that administration and faculty are equals?)

I hope I am wrong, but since I have been at BYU it seems that those who do not agree with a majoritarian agenda are increasingly endangered. For example, the academic freedom document explicitly states that it is based on Enlightenment principals of anti-dogmatism. But many faculty (post-modernists and feminists) base their philosophical positions on their belief that the Enlightenment credo is itself dogmatic and abusive, particularly to minority groups. What happens to such faculty members in the current climate?

I have many problems with the academic freedom document, but most problematic to me is the assumption that BYU faculty should be models of spirituality. Consider Elder Packer's recent statements or Bruce Hafen's statement during the faculty conference of Fall 1992: "The best way to teach young people who are struggling to find the place of a sacred system in a profane world is to offer them not just theories but teachers and classmates who have found their own wholesightedness." Now that is a very admirable and idealistic notion, and seemingly a reasonable request to make of faculty members. However, isn't it rather egotistical to claim that BYU professors can be the source of the nascent testimonies of their students, and, likewise, can we be held accountable for the loss of their testimonies? Are testimonies so outer-directed and superficial that they are made and destroyed by one BYU professor? Can a person be constantly "wholesighted" about the sacred and profane? Are testimonies a one-time only, make-or-break entity? Are testimonies so fragile as to disappear any time they are mingled with rigorous academic inquiry? And is it not potentially an abuse to allow the firing of a faculty member because of claims that she or he caused a student to lose his or her testimony?

I firmly believe that my own position of deep and abiding faith

in the gospel is partially a result of always having the option to fluctuate between other positions, such as doubt, disbelief, or even angry skepticism. Remove those options and I'm an automaton. Force me into a position in which it is implicitly mandated that I must be a constant spiritual guide to my students and I am forced to be a hypocrite. I would suggest, further, that removing the possibility of inhabiting a position of doubt, even antagonistic disbelief, endanger everyone in the community. No one knows when one of the life's painful experiences may, for a short or extensive period of time, seem to shatter one's heretofore stalwart faith. Thus, I believe that we might offer a great service to our students by teaching them that periods of crisis of faith, or mild questioning are normal.

In my mind, then, deeply religious communities must allow, tolerate, and, yes, nurture the position of doubt and questioning. We never know when we will be in that position of doubt, or in the position of being a minority, and when we are in that position we will need allowances, tolerance, and nurturing. I say "position" of doubt because it avoids the rigid labeling of persons as doubters and unbelievers and recognizes that this is a temporary position that anyone might inhabit. In contrast to fears that doubt is a disease contaminating the community, I believe that we can only be healthy, only have integrity, if we allow for the limits of free agency in the experience of our religious belief. The great Italian religious and secular poet Dante was at the same time both deeply religious and deeply skeptical. As one scholar suggests, in Dante's *Divina Commedia* in the metaphor of the pilgrim's journey through hell upward towards heaven, walking (a symbol of the movement toward faith) requires resistance—one leg resists from behind in order that the forward leg might ascend.

My own experience of faith is that I can go to my heavenly parents and say anything to them and ask them anything—they do not attempt to muzzle me or my free agency, and they respond to me with outpourings of love when I am at my most skeptical; likewise, they do not mind if I practice some "brainstorming" and open-ended engagement with the gospel. For all the above reasons, then, I believe that it is impossible to hold BYU professors accountable for the condition of a student's testimony. My own testimony is based on continual communication with my heavenly parents and my own processing of experiences and influences on my life. If I myself thought to blame somebody for the loss of my testimony (because of the Church and school policies and doctrines that are very troubling to me) I might refer to the rigid and uncharitable public statements made by high church and secular leaders in this community in the

past year. With a kind of self-righteous indignation that is frightening to behold, others in this community seem to be moving towards the mode of punishing and castigating those viewed as doubters. Hate mail, hit-lists, and secret files do not belong in a university setting or a Zion community. But I do not hold any of these people responsible for my testimony. I feel that, like me, they are attempting to fulfill that astonishing task of "living the gospel." But I say to them as one of Brigham Young's colleagues said to him, "It's my church too." "My church" is one of kindness and love. I cannot identify with paranoid and judgmental attitudes as my religious foundation.

And speaking of early Church leaders, didn't the young Joseph Smith teach us a profoundly important lesson when he narrated the kinds of responses he received to his "unorthodox" interpretation of Christianity, given to him by God? This fourteen year-old boy pondered why his former church friends and ministers became his persecutors. After telling them of his revelation, he wondered why, if they truly loved him, they responded so harshly. He reasoned that when you love someone and believe they are wrong in their religious views, you do not reject them, but love them even more. The implication is that we have no right to judge someone's religious (or non-religious) convictions if we do not love them. Likewise, a fine colleague of mine suggests that in the statement "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," "free" in Greek means something like "generous" or "liberal." Seen in this light, this important Mormon tenet seems to imply that we should be more encompassing and kindly towards those we disagree with rather than exclusionary and judgmental. In fact, the love-it-or-leave-it attitude, though it may sound reasonable, actually fosters a totalitarian environment: "love it or leave it" is a slogan that might have been heard in Nazi Germany or the former Soviet Union. It should not be the ruling principle in this community.

I love my religious and scholarly communities, but that love depends on my ability to actively engage with and question those communities. Certainly, mine is a minority voice, but I assume that a healthy religious and scholarly community listens to and conducts itself positively with regards to minority voices. In conclusion, then, I would suggest that it might be healthier to acknowledge that the board and administration will not always agree with many of the positions of BYU faculty members, but that they trust the faculty and desire that they have the latitude free agency and free inquiry bring. Indeed, as President Hinckley recently reminded us, the exquisite and profound love of the gospel and the process of scholarly search for the truth is nurtured in an atmosphere of trust.

Chelsea and Me: Remember When You Were Twelve?

by Joanna Brooks
Feb 3, 1993

Usually I'm not much for press restraint. But, in this one case, I think an exception is in order:

I call for a national press moratorium on Chelsea Clinton.

Chelsea's been trounced in the papers lately—first, as a pawn in the earliest controversy of her father's tenure. Bill and Hillary's decision to send Chelsea to a private school in Washington D.C. has been read as a "poor symbol" of the President's commitment to public education. No matter that the school the Clinton's chose has a scholarship program designed to integrate the school with students of different socio-economic backgrounds. No matter that since the time of Teddy Roosevelt, only one president's child attended public school in Washington—Amy Carter (and we all know what happened to Amy).

Second, someone's called open season on redheaded, braces-wearing twelve-year-olds, and the press is giving this persecution air time and print space. Take, for example, the recent letter in *The Daily Universe* which sarcastically invited Chelsea to BYU as the ultimate "coed"—"Utah hair," "Molly" attire, "fat and ugly." Poor Chelsea—true that she's no cute nine-year-old Amy Carter and she's no modish teen-aged Luci Baines Johnson. But what can you expect? She's twelve. She's in that ugly stage—right on the verge of puberty, doomed to spend her four years in the public eye trudging the awkward trough between cute kid and woman. Perhaps the

authors of that *Universe* letter forgot what they looked like at twelve-years-old. Bad haircut, bad glasses, clothes that don't fit. Just about to bust with pituitary juice. Seventh grade gym. Sweaty palms and uneven limb lengths and training bras. You went through it. I went through it (see the photo for yourself). Now imagine suffering all that in your tenure as a national symbol.

Mercy! Mercy! Poor pubertal Chelsea Clinton should bear nobody's symbolic burden. What could she symbolize? America's inner child finally growing up? And what about when Chelsea gets a boyfriend? Gets a bra? Gets grounded? True, this is ripe stuff for David Letterman, the McLaughlin Group and all the other commentators and jokers. But, if it gets out of hand, it is also the stuff of potential psychosis.

Chelsea has nothing to gain from surviving such scrutiny except hang-ups. This is no monarchy. Being the daughter of a national leader does not ensure one access to the throne, and press attention won't prepare her for some noble manifest destiny in politics. They only thing a persecuted childhood in the public eye prepares one for is the talk-show circuit, for promoting memoirs or self-help books.

Bill Clinton's done a good thing in defending the Clinton family's school choice: he's drawn the line between what's national business and what's family matters. Now, in the name of pubertal privacy, in honor of the ugly twelve-year-old we all have been, everyone should respect that line and leave Chelsea alone!

STATEMENT ON THIRD YEAR REVIEW OF PROFESSOR CECILIA KONCHAR FARR

Prepared by
BYU Ad-Hoc Faculty Committee on Academic Freedom

As announced June 9, 1993, Dr. Cecilia Konchar Farr has been denied continuing candidacy status at Brigham Young University. Reasons given by university officials to the press for her dismissal centered on her scholarship, which was said to be inadequate to allow her to remain at BYU as a candidate for continuing faculty status. There were also private allegations of problems with teaching and citizenship, which we also address.

For the past two years, an ad-hoc faculty committee on academic freedom has met regularly at BYU. Several members of this committee have studied data dealing with Dr. Farr's professional credentials. The following facts are important in assessing Dr. Farr's credentials.

DATA SUMMARY

SCHOLARSHIP

- Farr's scholarly productivity has been adequate to ensure passing her third year review and has been above the average for her peers during the past two years who have passed this review. For example:
 - Dr. Farr has produced two articles in refereed journals of national prominence. She also published a third article in a refereed journal prior to coming to BYU.
 - Dr. Farr has also:
 - Produced two articles currently under review;
 - Published six book reviews;
 - Presented papers at 17 conferences.
 - Dr. Farr has substantially revised a book manuscript (entitled *Emphasis Mine: Autobiographical Fiction and the Modernist Woman Writer*) that the University of Tennessee Press has agreed to review.
 - A second book (entitled *Small Pebbles: Reading Martha Gellhorn's Writing*) is in process.
 - In comparison with other members of the College of Humanities up for review during the period 1991-1993, Dr. Farr was more than adequate (see statistical comparison).
 - The average number of peer-reviewed articles for continuing status candidates during this period was 1.1.
 - The average number of papers presented at scholarly conferences by continuing status candidates during this time was 2.8.

- Even when compared to 6 candidates granted tenure in the College of Humanities during the past two years, Farr measures well. These faculty members all had twice as much time in rank at the university. A summary of the scholarly productivity of these recently tenured faculty members shows that:
 - Only two had published books (and only one of these at a university press);
 - They had published an average of 2.3 papers in refereed journals;
 - They had presented an average of 10.1 papers at scholarly conferences.

TEACHING

- Dr. Farr's average teaching ratings during her three-year tenure at BYU for all of her classes calculate to 6.14 (on a scale of 1-7 with 7 being the maximum score).
 - The average score for all English faculty persons evaluated for the fall term of 1992 was 5.6.
 - The average teaching rating of persons, for whom data was available, in the College of Humanities being considered for third year review during the 1991-1993 period was 5.90.
- According to the members of Dr. Farr's Departmental Review Committee and her Department Chair, Dr. Farr is considered to be an excellent teacher who is a great asset to the University.
- Farr's Department Chair has stated: "Of teaching, the record speaks very well.... Cecilia is one of the brightest, most charismatic, exciting people I have ever been around. She is persuasive in her discourse and passionate in her ideas."

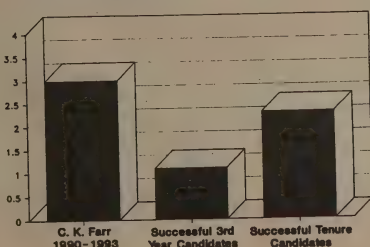
CITIZENSHIP

- Dr. Farr has been involved in many extracurricular activities during her tenure at BYU. At most universities, the sort of outside activity Dr. Farr has championed is considered to be the heart of university citizenship.
- Dr. Farr is a controversial professor engaged in Feminist and Postmodern scholarship, theories that attempt to transform prevailing power structures and suggest a new orientation of empowerment of women and minorities, new ways of thinking and teaching, and, above all, that demand political and moral activism. This is uncomfortable and even frightening for many who then brand Dr. Farr as a bad university citizen. Many of us, on the other hand, feel that Dr. Farr has enlarged the conversation at BYU and should be commended rather than censored.

SUGGESTED ACTION

- The facts demonstrate that contrary to what has been announced by the University, Dr. Farr is more than adequate in teaching, research and citizenship to be granted status as continuing faculty candidate. In view of these data, we ask the BYU administration to overturn the recent decision to deny this candidacy to Dr. Farr.

Average Number Peer-Reviewed Papers,
BYU Candidates for Tenure, 1991-1993



STATEMENT ON THIRD-YEAR REVIEW OF PROFESSOR DAVID KNOWLTON

Prepared by
BYU AD-HOC FACULTY COMMITTEE ON ACADEMIC FREEDOM

As announced June 9, 1993, Dr. David Knowlton has been denied candidacy for continuing status at Brigham Young University. In their official letter to Knowlton, the university cites Faculty Council descriptions of strong teaching and citizenship and then quotes the Faculty Council as follows:

It is in the area of scholarship that the Council finds Professor Knowlton's performance to be inadequate. . . . None of the articles has been published in recognized peer-reviewed journals in anthropology in the country. While the Council is cognizant of the statement of the department chair and Professor Knowlton's statement providing rationale for the lack of a book that had been well-received by the discipline and/or articles in good anthropological journals, the members of this council remain convinced that scholarly and creative work submitted for rigorous peer evaluation is requisite for satisfactory scholarly performance. Documentation in the file indicates that a year ago the college committee, out of concern over the same issue, advised Dr. Knowlton to submit his work to peer-reviewed journals, but there is no evidence of change in scholarly approach on his part. Some members of the Faculty Council on Rank and Status felt that some of Knowlton's writings were detrimental to the underlying purposes of the University. Others were less troubled by the essays. But as a body, the Council was greatly disturbed by Professor Knowlton's failure to publish in significant scholarly sources in anthropology.

There are two issues here: where Knowlton is publishing his work and the content of that work as it relates to the "underlying purposes of the University." The Faculty Council says nothing about the quality of the articles, how widely they are read, or what effect they have had on the institutions they analyze. The Council takes as a given that *Sunstone* and *Dialogue* do not count in the review process.

Consider first the following summary of Knowlton's scholarly work:

- Book in progress on "The Spread of Mormonism and Protestantism in Bolivia" (working title), based in part on his dissertation. Knowlton has been granted leave next fall by his college and department to finish this project. The reviewers of the application for leave obviously felt it was a scholarly task well worth funding.
- Peer-reviewed article, 1992: "No One Can Serve Two Masters or Native Anthropologist as Oxymoron," *International Journal of Moral and Social Studies*, an interdisciplinary journal out of Oxford University that lists anthropology as one of its specialties.
- Peer-reviewed article, 1992: "Thoughts on Mormonism in the Third World, with Particular Reference to Latin America," *Dialogue*.
- Peer-reviewed article, 1991: "Desengaño y desesperación: las elecciones del 85 en Bolivia y narrativas populares," *Revista de Investigaciones Folklóricas*, published by the Instituto de Ciencias Antropológicas at the University of Buenos Aires. ("Deception and Despair: The Elections of 1985 in Bolivia and Popular Narratives," *Journal of Folklore Studies*, published by the Institute of Anthropological Sciences at the University of Buenos Aires.)
- Peer-reviewed article in a book, forthcoming, 1993: "Gringo Jeringo: Mario Mormon Missionary Culture in Bolivia," in *Contemporary Mormonism*, ed. Angie Cornwall et al., University of Illinois Press.
- Publications in *Sunstone* (not peer reviewed):
 - 1989: "The Creation of Sacred Mormon Myth: Missionary, Native, and General Authority Accounts of a Bolivian Conversion"
 - 1989: "Missionaries and Terror: Background and Implications of the Assassination of Two Mormon Missionaries in Bolivia"
 - 1991: "Belief, Metaphor and Rhetoric: The Mormon Practice of Testimony Bearing"
 - 1992: "On Mormon Masculinity"
- Articles accepted for publication in a book, both in *The Anthropology of Mormonism*, ed. Mark Leone and John Sorenson:
 - "Mormonism and Social Change in Huacayo, Bolivia"
 - "An Anchor for Stormy Seas: Towards an Ethnography of Mormon Speech and Ideology."
- Papers Presented at Professional Conferences:
 - "Multiculturalism and Terror in Bolivia" at the meeting of the American Anthropological Association in San Francisco, December 1992
 - "Censorship, Power and Discourse in Mormonism" at the meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion, Washington D.C., November 1992
 - "Social and Political Issues of Protestantism in Latin America" at the meeting of the American Anthropological Association, Chicago, November 1991
 - Four presentations in 1990 and 1991 at anthropological and folklore meetings in Bolivia and Argentina

The Faculty Council's contention that Knowlton has not published in "recognized peer-reviewed journals in anthropology in this country" makes sense only if you emphasize "in this country" to exclude the Oxford University publication and the Argentine publication. You must also reject the peer-reviewed *Dialogue*, despite its fine record of prize-winning anthropological articles. And finally, the University of Illinois Press publication must be discounted.

We find their request that he publish in peer-reviewed journals laudable in one sense, for we too share the desire for a university with faculty whose work is recognized by other good scholars. Knowlton has, in fact, published in peer-reviewed journals. Like professors of many other disciplines (linguists, literary scholars, philosophers, art historians, legal scholars, etc.), many contemporary anthropologists are tending to work across disciplinary boundaries. Surely publication in such cross-disciplinary journals is a positive rather than a

negative action.

Knowlton has published five articles in *Sunstone* and *Dialogue*. Is it not a supreme irony that work on Mormon topics and publication in Mormon journals is a liability at BYU? Faculty in the departments of history, sociology, political science, anthropology, psychology, philosophy, English, theater, and many others have fought this battle before. Of course the quality of work in these journals is diverse, as it is in most journals, leaving a review committee the task of evaluating the quality of each article. The comments cited to deny Knowlton's candidacy reveal no effort by the Faculty Council to do this. The articles in *Dialogue* and *Sunstone* on the Church in Latin America, are, in fact, important investigations of the way the Church has done business in foreign countries and of the implications of those actions. This is work to be proud of.

Of course Knowlton will need to finish his book to be seriously considered for tenure, he will need to continue to write and publish in good journals, and he should also continue his fine record of presentations at scholarly conferences. But this is not a tenure review, it is a third-year review; and in our opinion Knowlton is a young scholar who should be praised, rewarded, and supported as he seeks tenure.

There remains the contention of several, but not all, of the members of the Faculty Council, that "some of Knowlton's writings were detrimental to the underlying purposes of the University." This is not spelled out further, and the council continues by saying that the real problem is that Knowlton has not published in "significant scholarly sources in anthropology."

Our only conclusion after reviewing Knowlton's publications is that Knowlton was not advanced to candidacy mainly as a result of the concerns about what he was saying about the Church and where he was saying it. This is a serious infringement of Knowlton's academic freedom, and thus our interest in this case. For our own future protection, we request a public discussion of the real issues here and ask that Knowlton be advanced to candidacy for continuing status. He is an invaluable member of our Mormon academic community.

Over the course of the past school year, SR interviewed a number of diverse people, from fundamentalist prophets to football players. In review we provide a few excerpts.

Leland Freeborn, the Parowan Prophet
from June, 1993

SR: When exactly is World War Three going to happen?

Freeborn: I have not been told a date. But as we have got now to the spring, I think we are safe until next winter. In the vision I have seen, when Salt Lake City is hit there will be snow on the ground and the flash of the bomb melts that snow and just fills the streets with water. So, I think we're okay until next winter.

SR: Several times you've predicted specific dates you thought the world would end—

Freeborn: One time, November the 11th, '83. I was told to do that by Joseph and I did it and that's the only date that I have said—I'm glad I did it, you know.

SR: Why were you told to predict it even though it didn't come to pass?

Freeborn: Nephi predicted a couple thousand years ago that the latter-day churches will say, "Let us eat drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." At BYU they had a "Last Chance Dance" because they were figuring on dying the next day [Nov. 11] if the war did start. The next spring I was right out there in the yard cleaning up and—this is pretty heavy—a fellow came walking down the sidewalk, and when he got right about there where the tree is I recognized who he was. I stood up and shook his hand and talked with him and he told me that I had caused 2 Nephi 28:7 to be fulfilled. We talked for about 10 minutes right there and then he left.

SR: Who was it?

Freeborn: That was Joseph [Smith].

Brent Gehring, BYU Art Professor
from February 3, 1993

On his first artistic experience:

I carved a B-29 when I was about twelve years old that I really loved, and thought at that moment, when I was carving, and saw that shape emerge from underneath the rasp, that that was the most wonderful thing that anyone could ever be. I remember the moment. I remember the quality of light and a sense of the roundness of the earth under me at that moment. It was kind of an epiphany. That was quite a long time ago, back in the early 50s, in Montpelier, Idaho. That was the beginning.

Maxine Hanks, editor, Women and Authority: Re-emerging Mormon Feminism
from January 27, 1993

SR: Two main themes in your book seem to be women's relationship to priesthood, and the relationship to Mother God. Why do these themes play the central role in this discourse?

H: Actually I see this book tackling three discussions: the history of Mormon feminism, women's relationship to priesthood, and the emerging discourse on the divine feminine. — Women's priesthood and the way we view the feminine God together form feminist theology. Feminist theology is crucial to women's roles and authority in any religious culture. Without feminist theology we

are left with a male-identified and male-centered theology which communicates a divinely approved omission of the feminine and communicates a male homo-social, homo-spiritual ideology.

"Angie," a BYU sophomore whose parents converted to fundamentalist polygamy
from September 30, 1992

SR: Has your parents' change in lifestyle been confusing for your little brother and sisters?

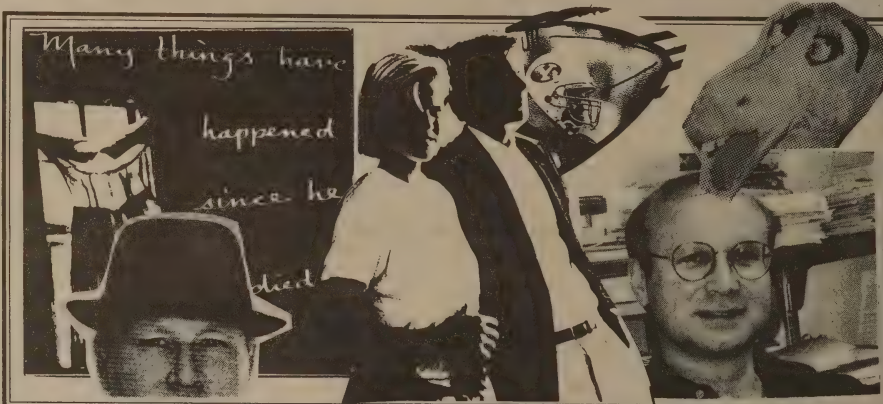
A: I think my 16-year-old brother knows what he's doing.

SR: So you don't think he's confused?

A: No. I think he's based his decision on what he thinks. But I think my two little sisters (eight and eleven) are confused. One of them didn't want to get baptized until the night before. And once I was walking with the eight-year-old, and I asked her which church she likes better, and she said, "I like your church because it's not so boring."

SR: You mean it's possible for another church to have meetings more boring than ours?

A: Yes. Imagine testimony meetings that last as long as they need to. Sometimes that gets pretty boring I'm sure.



Dr. David Knowlton, assistant professor of anthropology
from November 18, 1992

SR: You have been writing on terrorism against the Church in Latin America for years—even before you came to BYU. Why all the controversy now?

DK: Damned if I know—I mean, I can guess. There's gossip. But I'm not privy to the First Presidency and I'm not privy to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and I'm not privy to the area president. I think what happened is that there had been enough press coverage about my speaking out on why the Church was being attacked by terrorists, that some people were starting to feel uncomfortable. I was in Peru when the two missionaries were assassinated [in Bolivia]. I had been a missionary in Bolivia and I will never forget when a friend showed me a paper in Peru and inside was a picture of the two missionaries, laid out on a slab in the morgue. They were dressed in their suits with their [name tags] on, riddled with bullet holes. When I saw that picture it was just like a dagger was stuck right into me and just thrust into my heart because I could have been one of those faces. Those fellows were my companions even though lots of years had intervened. When I read the article I felt like I knew the people who had committed the assassinations. It was almost as if I had a conversation with them. The words that they wrote in the manifesto were familiar. And I felt that I had to go to Bolivia. I was able to explore and find out what had happened. I felt the need to write just to educate people, because the press in the United States was missing the point. And the [press releases] coming out of the Church's [Public Affairs Department] were missing the whole point. It was as if the guerrillas and the Church were ships that passed in the dark, with no communication, only bullets and bombs.

Three Utah Masons
from March 10, 1993

SR: What do you think about Joseph Smith's involvement with Masonry?

Mason: Joseph Smith's brother Hyrum was a Freemason long before Joseph. And I think he was influential in getting Joseph involved with Masonry. One of the things that interests me was that Joseph had aspirations to become president [of the United States], and I think he might have had it in mind that he had the Masonic vote behind him to win that election and so he was recruiting all the Masons that he could.

The Repentance Camel, SR's candidate for BYUSA president
from February 10, 1993

SR: So you plan to become BYUSA president?

RC: Yes, I do.

SR: What are the aims of your possible presidency?

RC: My main goal is the mass repentance of the BYU community. I intend to implement a massive hands-on plan in which I will travel the campus weekly, reminding people to repent when they most need it.

SR: And what other things?

RC: That's all.

SR: Do you get any hassles for violating standards by not wearing any cover except your decorative

camel towel?

RC: I get stopped a lot but I don't get any problems because I have one of the lesser known "domesticated animal" cards which really gives me a lot of privileges.

Tomi-Ann Roberts and Bill Davis, assistant professors of psychology and German, respectively
from March 24,

1993 (the Faculty Issue)

BD: When we talk about "political correctness" and silencing, people in power have the temptation to silence those who do not agree with them, regardless of whether they come from the right or the left. But at BYU, I don't see any examples of the so-called "left" wanting to silence or fire professors, or expel students who are from the right. I see them wanting to disagree, but not signs of them attempting to oust or isolate those who disagree with them. All those things, in reverse, have been done by the right against the left—in trying to stifle a club like VOICE, or to isolate individual faculty members and organize nasty letter-writing campaigns against them. Everyone knows those things have happened against "liberal" professors.

T-A: Because of this, I've seen myself behave in some ways I'm ashamed of. I've gotten embroiled in some situations that have caused me to do some things I regret, because I've been pushed to the limit.

BD: Sometimes when tensions are this high you have to stand back, take a deep breath, and remember the good things about the university, such as bright students and good colleagues. It wouldn't take that many structural changes to make BYU a more comfortable place for many faculty members.

T-A: Bill and I have said to each other about the academic freedom document, "What awful things could happen if they just said: 'Academic freedom—you have it.' What could possibly go so wrong?"

BD: What new anti-Christian courses would pop up on campus? How many diabolical deeds would happen in the name of academic freedom? The overall university wouldn't change at all, except that people would know that they could disagree with a colleague without it always becoming an issue of who's more righteous. They wouldn't be afraid anymore. They would be happy to work here.

Elizabeth Dewberry Vaughan, author of Many Things

An (Almost) Uncensored Interview with Hugh Nibley

interview by Steve Sabin

from March 24, 1993 (the Faculty Issue)

SR: First of all, what research are you currently working on?

Nibley: Well, it's still the Pearl of Great Price, from the Egyptian angle. [Removes old notebooks from pocket] Here I am carrying around in my pocket elementary vocabulary. I think I know every word in Gardner, but some I might have missed. So I carry them around and review them—but when you're eighty-three, why should you go around reviewing things, as if you're going to use them forty years from now?

SR: Are you flattered to see your name in the Xerox Apocrypha?

Nibley: You mean the stuff that circulates around? No, I'm not at all flattered. No, I'm infringing on your scripture reading time.

You know, it's F.A.R.M.S. [Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies] that gets these things out; I have nothing to do with it. They don't consult me when they have a book coming out that I don't want or of which I don't approve; they just come out, and I have nothing to say about it. They do that all the time. And that last book, the one on the temple, it just floored me; it was so full of blunders and boo-boos, it was a scream. They had undergraduates editing and correcting my prose. People don't like to have their prose corrected, especially by undergraduates that sit around a table, and when you show up they always shut up.

SR: So, you've had many things published that you didn't want?

Nibley: That's true, oh yes! I went and begged those people at F.A.R.M.S. to stop these ten or eleven films [taken from my Book of Mormon class lectures]. I thought they'd just show three or four, and let it go at that; then they went on for a whole year. Then I counted the days until fifty [episodes], and then I said "Thank the Lord, we've reached fifty, this is over!" Then they started on the next year without even asking. They didn't consult me, they didn't ask me, they just put these things on. Of course when they were taken, three years ago, I never dreamed that they'd be broadcast. I certainly wouldn't have permitted it; it wouldn't have done any good. When they came in to film, I started wearing dark glasses, and so forth, and refusing to cooperate. I said, "You have no business being here." They really pay no attention. That's what a weak personality I am, I don't resist it. I've been pushed around a lot.

SR: By BYU?

Nibley: Oh, no. Not by BYU. They've sort of left me alone.

SR: What about your method of grading your classes—one final paper? Do you feel that helps the students learn?

Nibley: Well, it's saved me a lot of trouble. That's just being lazy. But I've tried other things, and this is just the best; we get some really good papers, very good papers.

SR: Do you think other methods restrict learning?

Nibley: No, no, not at all. I'm the one that's restricting the learning, actually. You notice in these broadcasts that I just talk to them. Learning is supposed to be a two-way process. All I do is sit up there and spout. The theory and purpose of a teacher is to save the students' time. No, I'm a very poor teacher as far as that goes, very poor indeed. But if a student wants to learn, it's like at BYU, we have a terrific library. There it is! Go get with it! No one's stopping you. BYU will not hinder you from learning anything you want.

SR: Do you think the quality of BYU students is improving?

Nibley: It's pretty hard to say, but it has. Yes, it has. It must've improved. With thirty-five thousand students you can't expect to be "A number 1" for the whole thing. As my daughter says, out at Harvard, they have twenty-seven hundred. She says you take the top twenty-seven hundred from BYU and they'd be better than

Harvard. Yes, she's sure of that. Harvard has been greatly overrated; they've been cashing in on reputation for ages. I think it has gone up; I think it has improved.

SR: What do you think is the biggest spiritual obstacle to BYU students?

Nibley: The administration.

SR: The administration?

Nibley: Lawyers! Lawyers crawling out of the woodwork. The administration is just management. We



teach management, we practice management—that's as far as it gets. The substance is secondary. We manage what's there, but we don't supply what's there—we just manage it. So everybody and his dog wants to be a manager, just like everyone wants to be a director in Hollywood these days.

Everyone I talk to says, "I'm going to get out of law." My daughter is in law, and oh how she hates it! I'm delighted to find that I'm in a big majority in my contempt for lawyers. They're just a bunch of vultures, feeding off each other.

SR: If you could recommend any of your books to BYU students, which would it be?

Nibley: I think it would be *Nibley on the Timely and the Timeless*. I don't like the title, of course, but they wouldn't take any other. They had to put the "Hugh Nibley" in there, they said. I don't know why; I'm certainly not known. I've been here, teaching religion, for forty-six years, and I've never been asked to speak at a devotional. Shows how popular I am.

SR: So which of your books do you feel is your worst?

Nibley: Oh! I think by far the one called *Sounding Brass*. I was asked to write that. The brethren came down and asked me. They said I was assigned to write that. And I hated every minute of it, because it's such an unpleasant subject. There was nothing pleasant about it; I didn't like it at all.

SR: I think you made some valid points in the book, however.

Nibley: Yeah, well I had to do something. But that was the one I was ordered to write.

SR: Who "ordered" you?

Nibley: Well, Brother Richard L. Evans and Mark Peterson. They came down, they sat down in my office, and they said "You will write that book!" That was it. For some reason that was something I found very distasteful.

SR: So, what, if anything, really gets on your nerves?

Nibley: Lawyers. The whole idea that they set up. They set up the game, and then they referee the game, and then they move the goalposts whenever they feel like it. They're in complete control. Everybody else in government has limited power, but not a judge. He's not to question; he gets to the top, and that's that. And he generally doesn't know the first thing about the judgment he's passing, yet he changes the lives of millions of people. Some of those knot-heads, like Scalia, I've heard

him give the silliest, most soft, moronic speeches in the world, and he's a Justice on the Supreme Court. And for that matter, Rehnquist. He gave a graduation commencement address at a school back east; it was awful. I thought the guy was just plain ignorant.

SR: If you had the power to make any changes at BYU, what would you do?

Nibley: Well, I don't go to faculty meetings, so I don't know what's going on. Well, one change I'd make—I would turn the landscaping over to the forestry and botany department, because the stuff is done by the Physical Plant. I always see them cutting down all the trees, and that's the Physical Plant; they've been doing that for years. And I have to intervene to stop them for a while. You know, there's big money in cutting down those trees. So I've been running through the same things for years and years.

You know the nice thing about Wilkinson? You used to meet Wilkinson walking around the grounds here. Same thing with Howard McDonald. They'd come into the classroom or office and ask how people are doing, and so forth. A college president *does* that. But now we have your Ivory Tower over there, and we have the lawyers, and I have never seen one of them walking on campus. Never seen any of them on campus. Have you ever seen President Rex Lee walking around talking to students? In any other college that's what you do. It went right up until, oh, I can't remember his name. But that's when you stopped seeing the President. Gee, I've got to get more sleep if I'm going to remember everything.

SR: Do you not get much sleep?

Nibley: I do not. I should say I don't!

SR: How much sleep do you average?

Nibley: Well, yesterday, at three o'clock in the morning somebody called from Sydney, Australia. An astrologer. He wanted to talk about things—he was an engineer. He talked, and talked, and talked. I couldn't get to sleep after that. Last night I got into an article I liked very much, and I kept reading it until two o'clock. But I had to be here at eight o'clock. Why did I have to be here at eight o'clock? No, I don't get enough sleep.

SR: So what do you think of the new Joseph Smith Building?

Nibley: Oh, it's a monstrosity! That's architecturally speaking. It may be functional and so forth, but it's as ugly as the other one was beautiful. I liked the other one—it was a real prize-winner.

SR: Is BYU a prototype of Zion?

Nibley: Well you should've gone to the symposium last week—it was all about that. Education in Zion. I'm sure you'll be able to buy the tapes from F.A.R.M.S. We talked for four hours on just that subject. Chauncey [Riddle] talked very well—a wonderful talk. And Arthur Henry King gave us his usual salty spiel on the subject—he's a character.

SR: What are your days like now?

Nibley: My days? Oh, I'm slowing down. I can't work around the clock anymore. But the days are happier than they ever were before. When you're preaching the Gospel, you're happy anyway. I'm not beset by the saucy doubts and fears that might confront an English major. This fear of mortality, it obsesses literary students. It makes them usually very sour.

SR: That's interesting; I'm an English major.

Nibley: Yeah, I know, and they have a hard time. My son was an English major, and he lost his testimony because of the English major. Oh, sure, Yeah, they do it regularly. They get rather cynical, rather skeptical. Well, he really didn't lose his testimony over it; he really does believe it.

SR: Well, I appreciate your time—

Nibley: Well, I haven't told you anything of the slightest value.

SR: If you could give a final piece of advice to BYU students, what would it be?

Nibley: Go fast! Go fast. If you're studying a language, move fast. Whatever you're studying, go fast. You can go back and review later on. We take too much time; we go too slowly. The good teachers are always the ones that push you and make you go fast.

from "Faces" p.18

Have Happened Since He Died
from April 14, 1993

SR: Do you read a book as an author reading an author or as a reader reading an author?

EDV: I do both. Sometimes I just read it for the sheer pleasure and beauty of it. Sometimes I read a little bit more critically or scholarly to look at the ways in which this character, this situation, and imagery create meaning, or the way she is working the philosophy or whatever. Other times I'm reading specifically to find out how did she pull this off, because I'm trying to figure out the same things for my own work—and I don't always. In fact, I usually don't do exactly what I figured out, but the more

you know about the craft, the more you're able to invent your own craft.

Kalin Hall, BYU football player
from January 27, 1993

On his goals for the future:

KH: In the future I hope to start a boys' and girls' home on my property or be able to be in charge of something that would allow underprivileged children or children who don't have parents to come and have a real life and real necessities such as nourishment, love, education, and those types of things. That's been a dream of mine ever since I was in ninth grade.

Expatriates

short fiction by Paul Rawlins

from January 27, 1993

Barry is telling me that there are some who say he has always had bad luck. There are some who say, "Barry, you can't keep your wife, and you can't even kill yourself."

Barry says, "That's not bad luck. And this, this isn't such bad luck."

He means that sitting out front of a bakery in Tijuana isn't such a bad thing. He means that it is okay because the hot is pleasant this late in the year, and he has something cold to drink in his hand.

I say to Barry, "Tell me the story."

"You can't imagine," he says. There was complete absence of love.

Barry says, "It was a pact. We wrote a note. She said I had to promise I would back her up."

Barry wasn't counting hard himself on waking up to meet God. He thought if death could really be the end of everything, that could be nice.

"We were supposed to take pills," Barry says. "We bought a big bottle and doled out a dozen apiece. They were yellow ones, about as big around as an aspirin. She took hers, and then she went into the bedroom to wait for me. We were supposed to lie on the bed because the carpets weren't paid for."

Barry has his hands folded

around a bottle like it's a prayer.

He says, "But I couldn't swallow. My throat stuck closed, and the pills wouldn't go down. Not even the water. I was choking. I went in and told her I couldn't swallow. She got hysterical. She was screaming, 'What do you mean? Give them here.'"

She was pushing them in between his lips, punching his stomach to get him to open.

She screamed at him to get a gun.

"We didn't have a gun," Barry says. "I couldn't shoot myself."

"I'm dying," his wife screamed. "I'm panicking. I can't panic. It pumps the blood." Barry was having second thoughts when she told him the police would call it murder.

"I suppose they would have," he says. He dosed his wife with raw eggs and salt water. After she was empty, they took her to emergency.

"And then you fight in the car," I say. "And then you get home and she packs and she leaves you."

"That's it," Barry says, "more or less."

"Mexico is better," I say for whatever reason—the heat so late in the year and the bakery girl in the red dress.

You come across the border under the big "MEXICO" sign, like it's another part of Disneyland. We've come over the past three days from San Diego and, quit with caution, we eat with the natives. They trade in the shops like Arabs, and we buy their goods for cheap, until now the hotel room is filled with ponchos and sombreros and little carved donkeys and tartan scarves made in China. Barry wears a turquoise and hand-beaten silver watchband. He wears a droopy hat like a Mexican farmer. I have bought maracas today, black lacquer painted over with parrots.

"Let's stay," Barry says.

"Let's sit here all night."

"I'm almost ready," I say.

I'm thinking, seriously, about Juarez. We are only getting our feet wet in Tijuana. Mexico sounds warm. It sounds dusty and quiet in the mornings. Mexico is squash and corn and beans, with the chicken feet left in the soup.

I am thinking these days I might need a rest. I have a wife in El Paso, and I have another just outside San Bernardino. She knows about my first wife and two children in Texas. She knows where my paycheck goes, where the end of each road takes me. Still, I am welcome in her

little apartment, welcome in her bed and at her kitchen table.

"We're married," she says.

She has the pictures on top of the TV set to prove it. "We just don't see each other often." I can be happy with her for three days in a row, maybe a week. "It's time for you to go," she says one morning. She knows. There's never any sulking, no hard feelings.

I have things too good. It's more than I deserve. It's more than can last. I'll be hunted down someday by federal marshals like an old-time Mormon.

Barry brings chicken stewed in peppers and tortillas to our table.

"We need to ask about the good places," he says about our move. "The coast might be too crowded."

"It doesn't matter," I say.

"Mexico."

"Viva," Barry says.

"Where's your wife now?"

"My wife," he says, "is in Aberdeen."

"I never like to see a marriage go bad," I say.

"It wasn't a marriage," Barry says. "It wasn't anything like that."

"No," I say. "Still—children make a difference."

Barry stays quiet and eats chicken, chased down by Mexican beer.

We pass the early evening tossing pieces of chicken to dogs and chatting with the tourists. We talk like old hands. Twice Barry gets up to show the way to the best stalls for rugs or silver.

When the bakery closes down, the girl in the red dress comes out for the table and chairs.

"We're staying," Barry says.

"No," the girl says.

"Si," Barry says. "We want to spend the night here in Mexico. We're moving."

"Here?" the girl says. She is smiling. She thinks there is some kind of joke going on. She reminds me why I have two wives, the way she is fresh and new to me. Barry watches the girl go back into the bakery.

At sunset, we sit tucked in our chairs like we're on ship, watching the street life change, watching the dogs come out.

Barry's got half a dozen bottles filled an eighth or a quarter with flat beer, and he's trying to bang out "La Cucaracha" on the sides with a spoon.

I am very thirsty and would like a drink of water.

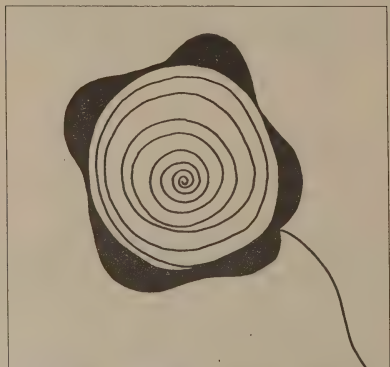
"Mexico," Barry says.

We sit and wait for the night to fall like some dark piñata.

the Other column

by Vern

from February 3, 1993



It is late, but I want to tell you about my summer.

In May, I leave Idaho and the Oregon border, change my name to "Leaf." I roll the windows down when I get to the coast and sing wet hallelujahs in the misty air. In Florence, I sleep in a damp tent on a sagging cot. At night I hear the ocean less than a mile away, over swells of sand dune. It is this way for three months.

I spend hours driving along the coast, the strangest of songs singing in me. It is a song of freedom and of a delicious displacement. It is a song of ache and loss. It is a song of summer.

In Eugene at the Safeway, men with braids to their bottoms do the shopping. They wear sandals and look wise. Their children ride in the cart, rosy and bare. These men will buy things like tofu hot dogs and lots of grains.

On the beach in Lincoln City, a dog comes after me when I try to take his picture. I name him Ralphie and tell

stories about him the rest of the summer. This dog has a bad leg, I say, but he has adventures just the same. Sometimes Ralphie hang-glides in on Girl Scouts, with a bandanna to tie up his bum leg. Sometimes he crouches at the back of a motorboat wearing a yellow slicker. He trolls upstream, his leg propped on the side of the boat, eyes fixed ahead.

In a park in Eugene I hear a marimba band play. The band is called "Shumba" and their music is wind on hollow water. Doc Web leads off. He is brown and wiry. He is a very young old person. When he is not playing steel drums, Doc Web operates a dental practice out of a school bus. There is one reclining chair on the bus, and a fan to keep Doc Web's hair out of his eyes.

At night when I hike to my tent, I sing songs to keep my mind from being afraid. The paths are dark and the bushes come in close. I am singing a Suzanne Vega song when I come snout to snout with a beaver. Its eyes glow at me, steady. Like an idiot, I keep singing. It finally turns from me, tired, and slides into the water. It makes a sound like nothing when it enters the water.

I hold a gathering for the fifteen-year-olds who are in my charge. They think I am the best unit leader they have ever had. I read "In Celebration of My Uterus" by Anne Sexton. We burn the candles that we have dipped in afternoon crafts, and tell stories about menstruation. Some stories are funny, some embarrassing, but all real-life accounts by girls who wonder at their bodies—bodies that leak red seaweed every moon and turn tender at the touch, bodies that cry for no reason.

At the end of August I buy tickets to the Grateful Dead and then find out that Jerry Garcia is sick from a twelve-year diet of chocolate shakes, chili dogs and cigarettes.

Instead, I go to Ken Kesey's farm (he is the author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Nation*). He is having a consolation party in the wake of the canceled Dead show. Everywhere there are colorful people. A band of wizened old men play washboards and buckets and call themselves "The Crowdads of Pure Love." A small man with horn rims nasals, "I'm going to read a poem." He has come to the party with a

tail, blonde, rock star-looking man. "The Hairy Mommas" is a group of two women and several men who strut the stage and rap against racism. Kesey wears a referee shirt and a cloth fish strapped to his back. I stand in front of him while he signs a copy of his latest children's book, *The Sea Lion*. What I want to tell him is that I have always wanted to meet him, that this is my life, and meeting him means something. I want to tell him something memorable, something cool. But I am awkward. I say, "Um, I am from Idaho, and this is a big deal for me." He asks me my name and shakes my hand. I retreat with my new book clutched to my front. Inside the cover, Kesey has written my name and signed it.

It says, "I am my own tribe—"

It takes everything in me to leave the coast when the summer ends. The drive back is long, and I talk myself through the hot parts. I dry up slow like a creek bed, shallow, aching. My ears are shells that echo ocean when I palm my hands over them.

I know certainties. I know that living in Utah and going to school will mark a long dry spell until I return to the ocean.

Mary Oliver says, Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.

Meanwhile, the world goes on. Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain are moving across the landscapes, over the prairies and the deep trees, the mountains and the rivers—

I will breathe deeply and live in harsher air for a while. I will stir my sleep with sea dreams and wake with salt on my cheeks.

And for the time being, at least, I will be my own tribe.

At the time of original publication, Vern was a senior majoring in English. She lived in the kitchen of a basement apartment somewhere in Provo. Now she plans to drive the States with Buffy.

Might As Well

short fiction by E. Visick

from January 20, 1993

We're in Las Vegas, just for a few hours. It's January and a Saturday, and we were bored; it would be worth a laugh. People watching. A crazy idea, driving six hours to Vegas just for the hell of it.

We found it hard. The women in black stretch pants and white heels, the tigers in a glass cage. We tried. A drunk woman cries on the blue sleeve of a man with a silver hoop earring. He eats a handful of peanuts and gives her a handkerchief to wipe away her mascara. It's satin, and doesn't absorb well.

The dealer's face at our last casino is completely void. I've never seen a face that empty. "He has to wear that costume every day," John says. "He has to look like a damn jester." I have to pull John away from the table. I'd rather be leered or glared at. Less unnerving.

We go outside and start walking the mile or so back to the car. It's past sundown. Three children run past us, shouting musically. John says, "tell me one good thing about this place."

A man in the parking lot of the Hilton steps up and yells, "Whore. You whore." I don't look at him. He does it again to whoever is behind us.

"The sidewalks are wide," I say.

"What so great about sidewalks?" John's expression is softened by his smooth cheekbones and nose. His eyes are a clear gold-brown, too warm to offend me. I'd like to bathe in something that color.

We pass by a souvenir shop with a sign that says, "DEALER'S VISORS \$99. MUGS T-SHIRTS GIANT BEER." There is a wooden Elvis at the front gate. John embraces it. "So lifelike," he says. I watch him until he lets go. He says my face is losing its color, and I can't talk anymore. At the hotel, a gang of men surround a red Toyota Corolla. John says they have guns, and I imagine he's right.

Our car feels like a capsule, like a Tomorrowland car. I keep my arms and legs inside the car at all times to avoid injury. We leave.

Half an hour later, I look back at the glow from the city. You might think it was a sunrise if you didn't know better.

"They say Las Vegas is a lovely place," I say.

John puts the Grateful Dead in the tape deck. *Blues for Allah*.

I say, "Maybe we just went the wrong places."

He says, "You can sleep." He feels behind the seat and pulls up a blanket. I lean my set back. He throws the blanket over me, tries to adjust it with his right hand, tucks it around my chin and shoulders.

I watch him from behind, the uneven shine of his curls. When he's too tired finally to drive even a minute more, he pulls over and I watch him sleep. I will sleep tomorrow, after he drops me home.

Walking in a World Where We Are Sometimes Loved

A wind blows news the sunlight has yellowed across the street.

We walk into a forest

and are lost. Either our cries

are heard or we bury ourselves

without God. This morning

was no different: new leaves

on the ground, a storm pouring

in through windows of that room

where we made love, thundering

doves flying out of our mouths.

Tim Liu

from February 10, 1993

Note from the A&L Editor: Viva Las Vegas!

by Joanna Brooks

from February 24, 1993

You may remember a piece of short fiction we ran in our January 20 issue—"Might as Well" by E. Visick. If you don't, let me recap the action for you—a narrator known to us only as "I" travels to the fabled Las Vegas strip with a companion named "John." As things sometimes go in Las Vegas, not all of the sights and sensations were entirely pleasant or positive. She was frightened by Elvis impersonators, drunk women in sequins, violence. Even her ride home with her friend John was not consoling.

To me, the story was not especially confusing. And I didn't see E. Visick making any grand moral statements about Las Vegas. But then again, maybe I'm poor reader of fiction. And maybe the story made sense because E. Visick is my roommate and I soak up her vibes. (Thin walls. We share dishes, too.) I liked it. So I was very surprised—no, floored—at the reaction this little story received.

The day after the issue came out, we received a couple of phone calls at our place asking if E. Visick was a girl or a boy. It seemed to put our callers at ease to hear that the "E" stands for Elizabeth. Perhaps they were a little disturbed by the possibility that "John" and the narrator (who shared a few semi-tender moments) might be of the same

sex. But since E. Visick was a girl, then, obviously the narrator was a girl and all of that "John" business was hunky-dory. Obviously, since boy-writers only write boy-narrators and girl-writers only write girl-narrators. Whatever.

A few days later (in record turn-around time, I might add) we started receiving letters at the little SR P.O. Box about the story. The letters came from upstanding Las Vegas concerned about the tawdry image of their native city Visick presented. How concerned were they? Very concerned. One reader was concerned five-pages-long!

Although I'd love to reprint the letters in entirety, I'll just give you the nuggets. All of the folks who wrote letters expressed weariness at constantly having to defend their hometown against charges of cheese and sleaze. One reader wrote a sparkling promotion for the city:

"To dispel some myths about Las Vegas, here are a few attributes of living there:

1. Most everything is open 24 hours.
2. Las Vegas recently surpassed Chicago as having the most business conventions of any city in the U.S.
3. Slot machines in 7-11's, K-Mart's, and Smith's
4. The National Finals Rodeo
5. A warm climate with Lake Mead for water skiing. Lee's Canyon for snow skiing, and Red

Rock Canyon for mountain climbing all within a half-hour drive.

6. Cheap food (All you can eat buffets for \$3)

7. 13 high schools in the area

8. Nellis Air Force Base

9. Las Vegas has more churches per capita than any other city in the United States."

(I wonder if that includes the Little Chapel of Elvis.)

Another reader took a more moral approach:

"I must say that I have seen drunk, badly dressed women, and men with earrings in other cities in the US. I have also seen many empty faces just walking across BYU's campus... And there are much worse things I've heard men shout than 'whore' in the supposedly 'clean' state of Utah! ...Ms. Visick said that she 'found it hard.' What was that 'hard' about it? Her attitude of going to Las Vegas because it was 'worth a laugh' disgusts me. I don't go to Salt Lake City 'for a laugh.' Nor do I tell people about the dirty streets, the homeless that sleep underneath the bridges, and how rude the residents are. Why, because I am not just going to see one side of the city and concentrate on the negative... We need to see Las Vegas for what it really is... We do not need one sided 'journalists' being judgmental, when they don't even have a minimal idea of what they are talking about."

Now, let it be said that the *Review* is always glad to receive letters from readers concerned with unfair articles. And the comments I am about to make are not intended to diminish these readers' concern nor their right to respond.

But really, now. Dear readers, no one (the mean-hearted E. Visick herself included) meant a less-than-favorable account of one person's trip to the Strip as a personal attack. Most sensible humans understand the difference between the admittedly icky Las Vegas strip (nudes-nudes-nudes; \$25 well drinks, sequins, blackjack) and Las Vegas, your beloved homeland. We apply such dissociative tactics to many major cities. Residents of New York City don't necessarily live in Times Square nor take too personally what goes on there. Native Salt Lake City folk don't claim responsibility (good or bad) for Temple Square. I grew up fifteen miles from Disneyland and if someone were to suggest that the Magic Kingdom was pretty cheeseball, I would not take it personally. So please don't take it personal.

Second, let it be said that the piece "Might as Well" was fiction. F-I-C-T-I-O-N. Say it again. Uh. Fiction 101: fiction means not real, made-up, fantasy, lies, lies lies! Fiction is not reportage. The point is not accuracy. The point is art—to

arrange words in such an aesthetic way as to make you feel something. In this story, E. Visick was presenting some person's account of some trip to some Las Vegas. Who knows—maybe it wasn't Las Vegas that she found "hard." Maybe it was John's fault, maybe it was the drugs, maybe it was those voices in her head. Maybe it was a different Las Vegas in a parallel galaxy. Don't take it too seriously. It wasn't a political treatise or a moral indictment or implied praise of Utah by contrast. (I can guarantee you that Elizabeth's not naive to Utah's own unique nastiness.) As fiction, it had no responsibility to be fair or nice or even responsible. It didn't have to present "both sides of the story" because it is a story. One story. Someone else's words. Someone's beautiful lie. Not real. Not binding. Fiction.

So relax, dear readers, Las Vegas.

And if that little explanation doesn't satisfy y'all, you might take solace in knowing that the Las Vegas city fathers took back Elizabeth's key to the city and that the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce has called for an Elizabeth-Visick-boycott. And you can bet she certainly won't be welcome to cash on slot machines anywhere within the city limits. This to punish the tarnish she's cast on the city's bright (10 billion watt-bright) image.

P.S. Elizabeth says, "Duh."

New Moon, November

Keep talking. Monday we sell blood, pay the gas bill. Tonight rests warm somewhere near hysteria. The streets are full of wet elm, and when I wake even you seem strange under the blankets.

A new season, and I love nothing but this love of nothing I know—we'll live above timber, eat grass, know God, and keep great dogs. This in the months to come.

C. Gonzales

from January 27, 1993

Bohemia

short fiction by by C. Gonzalez

from March 10, 1993

This time of year Stet can't sleep.

Three a.m., he's up banging heat vents. Dawn, he's sitting with the window open. Calls me at nine.

"I'm cooking eggs," he says.

"Stet," I say.

"Squeezing oranges," he says, singing. Some Guthrie. Or country.

"Stet," I say.

"Pulp or no pulp?"

A month ago, winter was winding down hard, the days so short, some big gear cranking its teeth across the roof of the house, tighter. Stet tells me he feels the days flattening out, loosening up. He's losing it.

"Salt on your eggs?" he asks.

"I'm not coming to breakfast," I say. "I'm not leaving this bed until the house warms up."

You know this month, March. Blue in the morning, slush by afternoon. Now the crocus are coming in on the corner. Things are greening up—color everywhere. Distraction.

"Then I'm bringing it to you," Stet says.

In an hour, he's over, smelling like orange peels, yellow teeth. He wears a hat like a sack with a drawstring.

"Kiss me?" he says.

I dodge him and get a glass of water. The dishes are all undone and the roommates are asleep. We've slept all winter. Once in a while, we'll all be awake and someone will crack a joke about the sleepy juice in the water and then we'll all go back to bed. Last fall's flowers hang drying in the kitchen, upside down.

"As soon as the roads clear up," I say, "we're getting out of here."

Stet and I get on our bikes and go south, ride the railroad tracks, get muddy. Stet rides ahead, yells back at me. Jokes. The air smells like sulfur and the rabbitbrush is just starting to yellow. We walk when the mud gets too deep.

Stet's brother shaved his head last week. "See," he says, taking off his hat, laying my hand on his buzz. "Metal plate, from back in Nam." He grins here-to-there.

We get to a 7-11, sit with Cokes, and Stet keeps offering me his beef jerky. I smile and something turns over in my stomach.

Stet starts talking, making pictures with his mouth. He talks about summer, the bus he'll buy, his books, a backpack, and nothing else. Deserts, dead shows, warm rocks. He talks about the cornflowers in Kansas and a great bowl of green chili in Albuquerque and eleven-herb bread in Durango. He talks May, June, July, August—oranges puckering in the beach salt air.

Stet talks like his jaw is coming unhinged.

A dog runs up to where we're sitting, on the curb, our bikes thrown down like scrap metal. Stet talks a few phrases in dog.

The sun comes out and the bushes are drop their ice. Stet keeps talking dog and the brown clouds roll back and the Saturday stretches out. For the first time in months, I feel warm.

The more Stet talks, the more the sun comes out. Talk more—and everything is loses its bearings and the glue melts off.

The dog runs away and Stet turns to me.

"Love you," Stet says, grinning, kicking mud off his feet.

"Don't talk like that," I say.

We wouldn't want to spoil this now, would we?

Old Men

My grandfather could whistle like a bird. His lips smiled beneath his white moustache, and a wavering sibilance, a sound a bird might make if it were far away and out of sight, would hesitate about the kitchen. And, There it is, he'd cry. We'd follow the unseen bird, robin, he'd say, or thrush, among the dresser shelves beyond his pointing finger, behind the willow pattern plates in four cracked rows. The bird sang round the room and then away. We perched in a line on the horse-hair couch and played along, because he liked that bird. And once or twice a year I very nearly saw it. Often, he'd have a real bird, some garden accident, or baby fallen from its nest too young, recovering in a cage with a wire front. He'd feed it milky pap from an egg spoon.

One Saturday we carried bricks from the fallen steelworks, just he and I and four bricks on each journey, harsh local oblongs, baked in fires long quenched.

We needed forty-two to edge his path.

I chose the ones we'd use, lifted my share.

My shirt was pink with gritty dust.

All day I nudged them into soldiers' lines,

bedding them in soil, using my grandfather's trowel,

his spirit-level, my fingers sore from rough surfaces.

For weeks I walked the path in the clear mornings,

seeing all well with my work. The fifth brick

from the end was marred, a black stain marred it.

After his death new people bought the house, threw out our bricks. They lay for years a slack heap, in a corner of the field.

It was seeing those old codgers, those two old boys sitting on a park bench, brought back my quiet grandfather.

They might have moved the world when young,

for all I knew, but there they were,

in the heavy gravity of their years,

talking in single words, the sentences

all spent. I walked for an hour

the gravel paths, admiring their certainty.

Something had given to those old men more than endurance. They sat in calmness, and watched the evening falling all around them, although I could not see it.

Leslie Norris
Professor of English

from March 24, 1993

the Faculty Issue

SUNSTONE magazine

1/2 price student
subscription rate
\$15 for 8 issues



write 331 S. Rio Grande
Salt Lake City, UT
84101-1136
or call 1-800-326-5926

credit cards welcome

offer ends 30 Sept. 1993



Relief Society and a Woman's Place

by Marni Asplund Campbell and Luana Uluave-Miller

from November 4, 1992

Often we have heard women express dissatisfaction with Relief Society—they feel left out, too young, too single, too inquisitive to really conform to the image of Eve on the cover of the manual. She's 5'8" with hot-rolled blonde hair and 14 percent body fat. She radiates comfortable complacency and obedience.

Well we aren't and we don't. We are neither blonde nor tall, complacent nor obedient; but we have found that Relief Society can offer relief from bureaucracy, insincerity, and hunger in the Church. And because we go to Relief Society without feeling like we need to conform, Relief Society is a place where we feel we belong.

To begin with, we like Relief Society because it doesn't have the constraints of other Church auxiliaries. Although the curricu-

lum has been correlated Church-wide, individual teachers can reinterpret the lesson in any way they think is relevant to the women they teach. Teachers in singles wards can modify the lessons, eliminating the how-to motherhood tips. Women in young wards can cater to young marriages and young mothers, and older wards, with a variety of women, can call a variety of teachers with different points of view. In all of this, individual women who are interested in the experience of other women—married, divorced, single, or widowed—can find lessons in one another.

Another advantage of Relief Society is that it is not as heavily monitored for religious orthodoxy or conformity as Priesthood or Sunday School. We have the chance in this relatively open realm to make the gospel ours, and to pursue new approaches to

doctrine. Relief Society is a "women's place," and in it we have the chance to value the subjective and the personal over objective, impersonal judgement. Christ's gospel has often been limited in the Church to logical, guidebook applications. In groups of women we can return to that aspect of the gospel which is intuitive and emotional; a place where people, and not policy, are the source of salvation.

Relief Society is the one adult program in the Church over which women have control. It is small and autonomous enough that individual women can make a difference. This is crucial to remember, because American culture creates so many institutions that leave women powerless. Relief Society is as close as your meetinghouse, and quiet enough that the most timid voice can be heard. So speak out. It's every woman's responsibility to

make Relief Society her place, rather than a place for her. You don't need to see your image mirrored in every other woman in order to be a part of the community; Relief Society will not and should not be what you already are. You won't ever find only young mothers or *Sunstone* contributors. Your responsibility is to enjoy the diversity and to respect courage in any kind of woman.

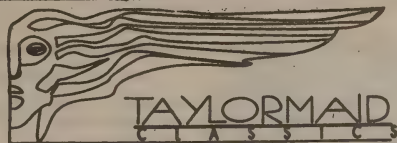
No one is a "Molly Mormon" Relief Society member. The image of the good woman who fulfills all of her duties with a smile is a myth. But even those of

us with questions about Eve can use Relief Society as a vehicle for nurturing sisterhood. We can make casseroles for others, not because it's what women do but because we choose to nourish and sustain one another in need. We can tie quilts at homemaking meeting without feeling our individuality threatened because our point is not in the tying, but in the connecting of our hearts. And once we've started to participate, we will forget to feel marginalized, ignored, or oppressed. And we will teach lessons on Monet and Emma and find there's a place for them too.

Top 10 Embarrassing Moments in Holy Writ

from November 18, 1993

10. Adam and Eve realize they are indecent (Moses 4:13).
9. The children taunting Elisha about his baldness notice the bears the prophet has called out of the woods to gobble them up (2 Kings 2:23-4).
8. Balaam is rebuked by his ass (Numbers 22: 28-30).
7. Philistines are smitten with hemorrhoids (1 Samuel 5).
6. Judah is publicly exposed for soliting the services of a prostitute—his daughter-in-law (Genesis 38: 13-36).
5. Following Moses' cry: "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" he strikes the rock and nothing happens (Numbers 20: 10-11).
4. Paul's sermon is such a sleeper that Eutychus nods off, falls out the window, and dies (Acts 20:9).
3. Moroni berates Pahoran in a scathing epistle, Pahoran responds, showing what an impudent dolt Moroni has been (Alma 60, 61).
2. Despite much enthusiasm, the 450 priests of Baal can't get the sacrifice to ignite. Elijah taunts them while they try (1 Kings 18:21-29).
1. Those who once said "Lord, Lord" face the big "I never knew you" (John 18: 27).



BACK TO SCHOOL SPECIAL

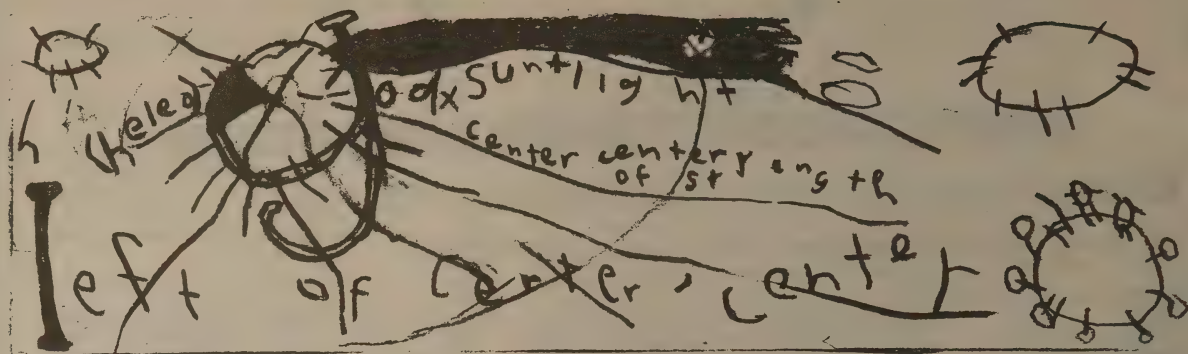
PERM \$19.99
LONG HAIR EXTRA

HAIR CUT \$6.00
WITH THIS COUPON ONLY

ACRYLIC NAILS
FULL SET \$17.99

PROVO STORE
255 W. Center • 375-7928

TAYLORMAID
FULL SERVICE SALON



Why's a Nice Mormon Girl Like Me Married to a Gay Man?

from October 28, 1992

Why's a nice Mormon girl like me married to a gay man? The easy answer is because I love him. But really, everyone wonders about more than that. The real questions are more like: How can we really have a marriage relationship? Did I know what I was getting into? Is it "curing" his homosexuality? Outside of sex, does it really make a difference? How do we handle the differences? How do I stand not having sexual satisfaction? Do we recommend marriages like ours? Would we

do it again?

Many of the answers are surprising, even to us. We're still learning about some of them.

Do we have a real marriage relationship? Not a traditional one. It looks like it, because we have two kids, my husband is the provider, and I'm a full-time homemaker. We are active Mormons and were married in the temple. We have many things in common and have lots of fun doing things together. We even met at BYU. But, on the Kinsey scale, I'm a zero (totally straight) and he's a six (totally homosexual). I'm in love with him, but in this case, it doesn't make much difference. What really counts is that we are close friends. We have a different sort of partnership, but we're at peace and feel sure that God approves of us and is a partner with us. Did I know what I was getting into? I knew he had a problem with homosexuality, but neither of us knew completely what that meant. We met at BYU where we studied together almost daily, most of the time with a larger group. Even though there was nothing romantic, it was an unusually deep relationship. After about six months, I began to have romantic interests in him, but it still surprised me when he proposed. For two and a half weeks I thought and prayed about it. He was a worthy man, a wonderful fun-loving person, and he would be a good father. Families were important to him; we loved each other, we shared many interests and values, and I felt strongly that my Heavenly Father approved of the idea. So I said yes, and we began to plan our wedding for the next summer.

Then one day he told me that he had homosexual feelings and had been sexually involved with other men. He told me of his struggle with the feelings throughout his youth and the problem they caused. He said he would understand if I didn't want to marry him anymore. But he was still the same person I fell in love with, and I didn't think his past should be a problem. His experiences might even help him to be a more understanding father, so I of course still wanted to marry him. I spoke with his counselor and his bishop. They said they were proud of him and his efforts. Since he had such strong desires to be a good husband and father, they were sure he would succeed. As long as he stayed worthy, we would have no problems in our marriage because of his past. So we were married, and I thought we would never bring up the subject again.

Has marriage cured him? No. We still love each other and our love has even grown, but he is not "in love" with me. He makes sacrifices for our family, works as hard as I do on our relationship, and plans on staying married, but he can't be romantic with me, and we don't expect that to ever change. It is easier

for both of us now that we know what to expect.

The first four years were difficult because we both expected things he couldn't give. He tried, and I could tell he was trying, but it just wasn't in him to be intimate with a woman. During those years, he struggled with failure and guilt, because romantic feelings for me didn't emerge, and I struggled with self-pity and low self-esteem. We stayed good friends, but for marriage, it was pretty superficial. There was no physical intimacy (except when we wanted to conceive a baby) and there were some subjects that we couldn't talk about. We didn't like to be emotionally distant, but we were doing our best. If only what they told us had worked!

But it didn't, and my husband was confronted with a difficult choice. He apparently couldn't do whatever it took to change into a straight man. So he would either have to live a lie and live with the guilt, or he would have to leave me, his family, and the Church, and just be gay in the stereotypical way. Neither option was desirable. But he thought he couldn't be a good person and still have those feelings, so he felt it would be best to get out of my life.

With time, the pressure built up inside of him until he again decided to see if a bishop could help. Our bishop realized he wasn't qualified to counsel anyone with such a deep conflict and confusion, so he arranged for my husband to see a psychologist. Finally, my husband began to hear things that made sense and fit reality. As I joined him in counseling, reading, and Legacy groups, we gained a completely new understanding that has made a significant change in our lives. Now we have accurate information on homosexuality and we know what we are facing, what we can change, what we have to live with, and what our choices are. We found we had been believing lots of myths that are taught in our society.

Nothing makes more sense to us now than the idea that God made my husband homosexual for a reason. He is responsible for his behavior just like any other person with hormones-but he doesn't have to hate himself or deny that he is gay. Married straight men don't beat themselves up for being attracted to other women. They say that it's natural, but they try not to dwell on it. My gay husband doesn't have to feel guilty for his natural attractions to other men. All those old beliefs are so self-destructive. My husband's are much healthier now. He can believe in himself and know that he is worthy of love.

The relief is incredible. Living with our orientation differences for the rest of our lives seems easy after what we had been trying to do. He finds it isn't exactly what he is and is not responsible for. I'm sure we're not just looking for the easy way out. It's more desirable to believe that changing orientation is possible-until you try it. Orientation isn't just who you want to have sex with; it's not even who you can fall in love with. It includes who feels like family to you. To him, we are roommates who share more than usual, but we aren't really family. Most couples use physical and emotional attraction to smooth out problems and draw them closer. We don't have that, so we have to be better at communication and other things

Picture this!

1993 National Conference

- A weekend in San Diego with 200 gay & lesbian Mormons
- A Friday evening bay cruise in San Diego Harbor
- Workshops and discussion groups
- Keynote speaker Dr. Michael Quinn on gay Mormon history
- Tours, activities, health club facilities, hot tub, sauna
- Saturday banquet and entertainment
- Sunday devotional and lunch

For more information call (619) 283-8810

Name: _____
Address: _____
City, ST, Zip: _____
Phone: _____

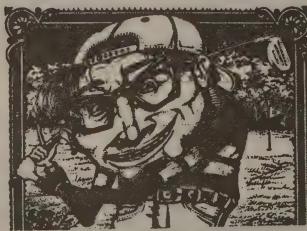
☐ I am a past attendee \$125
☐ I would like a 1 year devotional subscription to *Legacy* \$15
☐ I would like to be notified

Total enclosed: _____

Mail to: Information Conference
P.O. Box 20488
Tempe, AZ 85280-0488

September 18-19, 1993 San Diego
\$125 weekend rate, includes 2 meals
Hotel \$20 per room/night (1-4 pers.)
Kona Kai Resort - (800) 325-2218

Student Review brings you another incredible tee-shirt



Only \$10

Tee-shirts are available at Mama's Cafe and Pegasus or from any Student Review staff. We even do mailorder/ send \$2 for shipping

see "Married" p. 27

Aloneness

by Christine Cox
from February 17, 1993

There are days, particularly when it is rainy and grey, that I watch people around me intensely. Occasionally, a few will return my gaze. More often than not, they carry a sense of aloneness. It is not always loneliness, but more a sense of being alone.

I saw this throughout my mission. There was a moment or two before a person would say "no" when his or her aloneness would float to the surface and then vanish beneath a hardened resolve.

The gaps between friends, spouses, parents and children, boyfriends and girlfriends, people and God—they all feed a subtle feeling of isolation. Constantly humanity reaches out clumsily to bridge this gap; it is ironic that

when they meet halfway, one will recoil in fear and excuses.

Isolation grows within the Church, even as the membership increases. I am often troubled

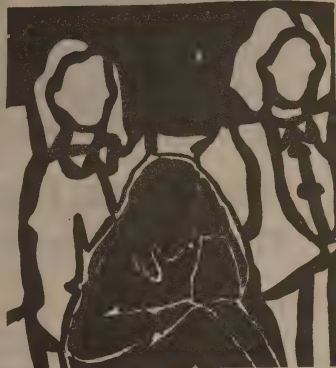
by the coldness in our wards and stakes, while among strangers in other churches I have felt a warm acceptance.

Several times on my mission, I debated within myself whether or not we were helping people by bringing them into the Church. Often, new members found themselves more alone after joining than they were before. Look at your own ward. How many people do you know by name?

How many do you know even more intimately? I would guess the number is not very large.

How do we bridge the gaps

that are rapidly forming? There are the standard Sunday School answers: show love and acceptance to others, do home and visiting teaching, talk to someone who is alone, visit the elderly.



These are all superb responses, but they prove to be of little use if

only acted upon at our convenience.

I once met a man on my mission who had what I call the "personal touch." I saw the same man after a year and a half had passed. He still remembered my name, where I was from, and even the fact that my younger brother was on a mission. Everyone he knew received such individual concern and regard.

The "personal touch" means reaching out beyond the limits of convenience, beyond our circle of friends. It means believing in others, and seeing greater potential in them, listening to others and remembering what they say. It means being nonjudgmental and accepting of differences, not pushing our own standards, ideas, and opinions on others. It means patience through disappoint-

ments; it means not giving up on others. The "personal touch" means being willing to open up and trust someone with a piece of yourself and it works miracles for all involved.

We need each other. That is the reason we have a church and auxiliary organizations. That is the reason for home and visiting teaching and missionary work. Often those who seem to be at the center of everything are, in fact, the most alone. Aloneness is not always obvious.

"We all scream, most of us inside.

Outside is another world. ...I, like an interior, smiling, When you walk past me on the street,

I nod my head to you and smiling scream.

You never hear me through the smile.

The inside scream has no echo."

-James Scheville (1920-)

Economics Precede Intimacy or Love in the Age of Patriarchy

by Marni Asplund Campbell and Greg Campbell

from December 9, 1992

Marni's part: Two summers ago I attended an Exponent II retreat in New Hampshire. On the first night we sat in a large circle and introduced ourselves, with the directive that we should offer a "spiritual autobiography." At the time I was in the midst of a difficult decision; I had been admitted to a graduate program at Harvard, and my husband had been offered a teaching fellowship in another city. If I entered the program I would have to quit my job—our only source of income while my husband was in graduate school. We would nearly double our education debt, and our one-year-old daughter would have to go to a sitter for twenty hours a week. I was reluctant to commit myself to something so mentally and emotionally taxing while she was still so young. I was looking for an answer at the retreat, searching the circle of women's faces. They were mostly middle-aged, more my mother's generation, and nearly all of them shared the same anger and disillusionment. "My children have left," they said, "and now what am I?"

A society like ours, which is so generally devoted to the acquisition of wealth, is inevitably going to be hostile to healthy,

intimate relationships, particularly within families. We continue to categorize families as dysfunctional if they do not meet the standard of the American Dream, as standard based (Dan Quayle's judgment aside) much more on economic criteria than on "morality." Most of the women at the retreat were comfortably well-to-do. All of them were intelligent and accomplished. Many of them were God-fearing, temple-going Mormons. And yet they felt as if they had wasted their lives as mothers. They had come to realize the impact of a seemingly inevitable decision, made early in their adult lives. It is a fundamental economic truth that a man can generally earn more than a woman, particularly if that woman wants to have children. So the man, naturally, should have the job. That's good economic sense. And work which is valued in our world is exchangeable for money. Women's work, in America, is worth nothing. If a man cannot earn money, he is worth even less.

If we continue to accept in Mormon culture the insidious doctrine that wealth equals righteousness, then the most destructive manifestations of patriarchy will continue endlessly. A woman's needs will always be absorbed into her husband's in order to maintain his marketability. (Her ability to bear children is nothing compared to his ability to feed them). Her voice will be less valued in the Church community, since she

does not possess the distinction of earning a paycheck. (God loves a time manager).

"Handling patriarchy" in my marriage means much more than blessing my daughter with my husband, keeping my maiden name, or praying to Mother God. It means that my husband and I have both decided that we love each other more than anything—it sounds corny, but it's really very practical. We love each other, our marriage, our family, more than a restored Victorian house, more than a Subaru wagon, even more than our careers. We will never be rich, because we have made the inefficient choices which have allowed both of us to grow intellectually and spiritually, and still raise our children together. I did go to Harvard. My husband stayed at home with our daughter in the afternoons so that I could go to school, and we both worked part time to make up for my lost income while we finished our degrees. Until we actively support, as a Church culture, the kinds of decisions and economic sacrifices which can lead to intimacy between husbands and wives, between parents and children, men and women will never learn to be one, and another generation of mothers will find themselves lost when their children leave home.

Greg's part: Being the oldest male in my house, I suppose, makes me the patriarch. That's about as specific as my definition of the word "patriarchy" gets. I

find it easier to define what patriarchy is not. For example, I do not consider myself the only qualified candidate to choose which of the home teachers will say a prayer on the 30th of each month. (The quietest one, perhaps feeling guilt for not opening his mouth, always volunteers anyway). I do not consider myself the ultimate authority in disciplining our daughter. I don't demand servitude of my wife, don't expect her—or anyone—to hang on my every last word. Recently, a woman in church discussed how difficult a teaching calling was for her—she was used to curling up at the feet of her husband, she said, or at the feet of the Stake Presidency and their size 12 Florsheims. The strange thing was that she's a pretty good teacher. Is this the eternal order of things, I thought to myself?

The early women of the Church thought much differently than many of today's. The fundamental shift in lifestyle may have had some bearing on that change. It remains possible—though barely, in most places—for a woman to remain at home while her husband earns a living (and I support the right of those who prefer that lifestyle). Women in the early Church, however, did not possess the liberty of waiting for their husbands to return home at 5:00 after a hard day of crossing the plains. She was there, too, pulling the handcart, choking down rations of game meat, burying babies in shallow graves of ice. Women gave

blessings and spoke in tongues.

After Thanksgiving dinner last week, we sat around the table, recounting stories of lean times and gratitude. My aunt told of an episode involving an aunt of hers who lay sick in a poorly staffed hospital. During a near-fatal moment, my aunt said—or rather confessed—that she had laid her hands on the other woman's head and had given her a blessing. It was obvious she felt some uncertainty about her right to do so, and sort of sheepishly asked whether we all thought such a blessing was within her authority. Of course, I thought. I looked around to see what everyone else thought. My mother had no conclusive answer; she seemed to be awaiting some consensus. My father said yes, in a sort of mumble, and everyone else mumbled something indecipherable, if only to avoid an awkward silence. Only my grandmother, whose recent hardness of hearing had made her, to this point, a silent observer in the entire dinner conversation, answered with conviction. "Why, yes!" she insisted. "Yes!" My grandmother was not really alone, however; my wife's affirmative answer bridged the generation gap.

Our marriage works because my wife believes that she has her own unique talents and abilities, as I believe I have mine. We seek to learn what these are as time passes; we do not submit to the theory of patriarchal typecasting.

check out college night every thursday at



play a round of golf
and shoot around basketball
for only \$2.50
with college i.d.

168 S. 1200 W.
Orem 225-0195



Doctrinal Exposition: The Lost Ten Tribes

by J. Scott
Craig

from November 4, 1992

Admit it. You dig ten-tribe tracking. Well, this article will assist you in your quest by presenting relevant information from the lips of our General Authorities.

We know from a reliable source (the apocryphal book of 2 Esdras, 13:40-47) that the tribes were last seen heading north. Apostle Orson Pratt helps us chart their progress: "They likely passed between the Black and Caspian Seas and continued on through Russia to the extreme north shores of Europe, i. e., 2500 miles north. But this could not be a year and a half's journey; indeed, it would not be an average of five miles a day.

From many intimations of ancient prophecy they evidently had a highway made for them in the midst of the Arctic Ocean and were led to a land in the neighborhood of the North Pole. This region would be about 4000 miles north of their Assyrian residence and could be traveled in eighteen months time at an average of a little less than eight miles a day" (*Millennial Star* 29:201, 1867). As President of the Seventy George Reynolds wrote: "What must have been the sensations of even the boldest when they stood facing the icy waters of the Arctic Sea!" (*Juvenile Instructor* 18:28, 1883). The "lost" tribes at the North Pole? W. W. Phelps demanded that "no man marvel at this statement, because there may be a continent at the north pole, of more than 1300 square miles, containing thousands of millions of Israelites, who, after a highway is cast up in the great deep, may come to Zion, singing songs of everlasting joy" (*Messenger & Advocate* 2:194, 1835).

Does the "North Pole" theory seem too incredible?

Perhaps you would prefer the "Outer-Space" theory. Eliza R. Snow proclaimed this hypothesis in Hymn 313 of the 1856 LDS hymnal: "And when the Lord saw fit to hide / The 'ten lost tribes' away, / Thou, Earth, wast sever'd to provide / The orb on which they stay." It seems as if she received this idea from her husband and Prophet, Joseph Smith. Bathsheba Smith said in her *Recollections*, "I heard [Joseph] say, 'Peradventure, the ten tribes were not on this globe, but a portion of this earth cleaved off with them and went flying into space—'" (1892). Joseph later elaborated on the subject, as Wandle Mace relates in his autobiography: "'You know a long time ago in the days of Shalmanezar King of Assyria when the Ten Tribes was taken away, and never been heard of since.' He said, 'The earth will be restored as at the beginning, and the last to be taken away will be the first to return—'" He illustrated the return by saying, 'Some of you brethren have been coming up the river on a steamboat, and while seated at the table, the steamboat run against a snag which upset the table and scatter the dishes; so will it be when these portions of earth return.'" To further substantiate the claim, in 1884 Philo Dibble presented a copy of a cosmological sketch done by Joseph Smith, in which the ten tribes were situated on a separate planet.

Neither in the North Pole nor in space, you say? "Still others believe that on a certain date they were led of the Lord through a subterranean channel into the interior of the earth, eventually to be recovered therefrom" (Stephen Malan, 1912). Joseph Smith responded, when questioned by one Ben Johnson about the Tribes' whereabouts, "Well, you remember the old caldron or potash kettle you used to boil maple sap in for sugar, don't you? Well, they are in the north pole in a concave just the shape of that kettle. And John the

Revelator is with them, preparing them for their return" (1947).

Underground, in space, at the North Pole? In 1959, BYU's very own Walt Whipple compiled several other extant hypotheses, as well. Nevertheless, the speculation rages on unabated. Could Santa Claus be an Israelite prophet? The "Man in the Moon?" What about those extraplanetary visitors seen fraternizing with Bush and Perot? Reflect, if you will, on Rudolph's enigmatically empowered nose, and the shiny rocks of which we read in the book of Ether—mere coincidence? And just why does BYU's administration adamantly deny access to those mysterious underground tunnels? Perhaps the Canadians are the existing remnant of the *desaparecidos*. Or maybe even Utahns—they generally seem to be lost.

I probably should not disclose this, but I feel it my duty to do so—I am from one of the "lost" tribes. I am not from the North Pole, I did not surface from any tunnel, and I've never left the earth for any longer than a lay-up requires. Folks, I'm from Texas. I hope not to betray my parents' trust by saying that they, too, are Lost Tribes-persons. I therefore propose that Texas be seriously considered as a possible hideaway for our missing brethren and sisters.

What to do? Do you trust theories from men with names like Orson Pratt, Walt Whipple, Philo Dibble, and Wandle Mace? Do you patiently await further light and knowledge? Do you support your SR insider (even though it's tough to equate Texas with the "north countries")? Or do you just hit the streets asking to see people's patriarchal blessings?

The choice is yours. You now have the data before you. Weigh it, savor it, ponder on it, pray about it. And if you get a solid answer send it in to Student Review P.O. Box 7092 Provo, UT 84602

STUDENT REVIEW



It's anatomically correct!

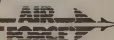
**AIM
HIGH**

BSN
STUDENTS.

Enter the Air Force immediately after graduation — without waiting for the results of your State Boards. You can earn great benefits as an Air Force nurse officer. And if selected during your senior year, you may qualify for a five-month internship at a major Air Force medical facility. To apply, you'll need an overall 2.50 GPA. Serve your country while you serve your career.

USAF HEALTH PROFESSIONS

1-800-263-2763
1-800-263-9337



What's a Rameumptom, Daddy?

by Robert Nelson, Jr.

from February 10, 1993

This piece was originally printed as a letter to the editor of Dialogue in the winter of 1989. We reprint it with permission and thanks.

"What's a Rameumptom, Daddy?"

"Well, the Book of Mormon says it was a place where the Zoramites stood to worship and pray."

"But my Primary teacher said it was a tower that evil people used."

"I can see how someone could think that. The Book of Mormon says it was 'a place for standing which was high above the head' and only one person at a time could go up there."

"Was it like a speaker's stand in the church?"

"A speaker's stand? You mean a pulpit? Yes, I suppose it was. In fact the word 'Rameumptom' means 'the holy stand.'"

"What's so evil about a holy stand, Daddy?" "Well, it wasn't the stand that was evil. It was how it was used. The people gathered in their synagogue—"

"What's a synagogue?"

"Just a different word for chapel or church, honey."

"Oh."

"They'd gather in their synagogue one day a week—"

"Which day, Daddy?"

"I don't know, honey. It just says 'one day' and that they

called the day 'the day of the Lord.'"

"It must have been Sunday."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Sunday is the Lord's day."

"Well, maybe it was—Anyway, they'd gather there and whoever wanted to worship would go and stand on top of the Rameumptom."

"Could anyone go up there?"

"Well, no, that was part of the problem. Apparently they had to wear the right clothes—"

"You mean like us when we wear our Sunday clothes, Daddy?"

"Well, not exactly but in a way yes, I suppose. Some of us might have a hard time accepting certain kinds of clothes or people in Sacrament meeting. But we wear our Sunday clothes to help us be reverent, don't we?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"So anyway, where was I?"

"They went to the top of the Rameumptom—"

"Yes, they'd go up and worship God by thanking him for making them so special."

"Were they bearing their testimonies?"

"Well, uh, I guess maybe they were in a way, but they weren't true testimonies."

"How come?"

"Because they were too proud."

"What do you mean 'proud,' Daddy?"

"Well, they would talk about how they were a 'chosen and holy

people.'"

"My Primary teacher said that Mormons are the chosen people and we're a special generation."

"Yes, honey, but that's different."

"How?"

"Because we are."

"Oh."

"Besides, they were very, very proud about how much better they were than everyone else because they didn't believe the 'foolish traditions of their neighbors.'"

"What does that mean, Daddy?"

"It means they believed everyone else was wrong and they alone were right."

"Isn't that what we believe?"

"Yes, but it's different."

"How?"

"Because we are right, honey."

"Oh."

"Everyone would stand and say the same thing—"

"That sounds like testimony meeting to me."

"Don't be irreverent."

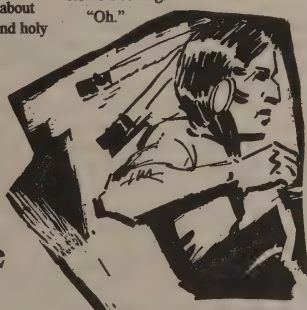
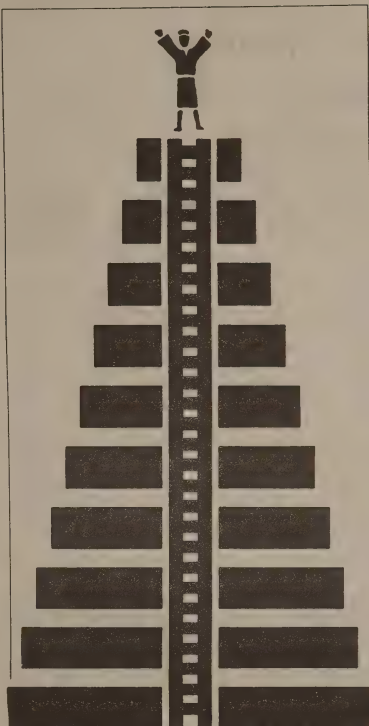
"Sorry."

"Then after it was all over, they would all go home and never speak about God until the next day of the Lord when they'd gather at the holy stand again."

"Isn't that like us, Daddy?"

"No, honey, we have Family Home Evening."

"Oh."



more fully consummated if I were christened Bill Stinking-weed. Not all of us are Running-wolves, Lone-oaks, Flaming-arrows, or Rolling-brooks. Please overlook my father's name.

I am ignorant of spiritual things. I often imagine gods who are no respecters of persons, who love all of their children equally and unconditionally. I dream of a God who judges me by my actions and intents, and not by the hue of my skin or by my breeding. Surely there must be an abundance of scriptural support for the preexistent performance ratings of which I hear so much, yet I fail to encounter it in my readings. Please overlook my ignorance.

I realize how discomfoting it must be for you to witness conflict between realities and your perceptions. I know that perceptions are hard to change. Shall I change reality for you?

from "Married" p. 24

that strengthen relationships. We're still discovering things like this.

Do we recommend marriages like ours? Well we've made a list of prerequisites. If you're thinking about it, ask yourself if you both fit the following:

- You must have deep, mutual friendship
- Good communication skills
- Complete knowledge of the challenges involved

- Perfect mental health
- You must be unselfish

In other words, this is a very personal decision, and we advise strongly against it unless both of you feel inspired to go through with it. If you do marry, don't expect a normal marriage. Especially, do not try to "cure" yourself of homosexual feelings by getting married. Don't assume you can just pretend to be straight and fake it with your wife or husband. There is much more to orientation than sex, and marriage brings all the differences out. And do not think that you can marry someone who is gay, because you are woman enough or man enough to change them. It just doesn't work that way.

Would we do it again? I wouldn't do it if I knew then what I know now. But then, if I already knew it, perhaps I wouldn't have to go through it to learn it. I am grateful for what I've learned and how I've grown. And I'm looking forward to experiencing more and having an even better relationship. We're still fully active Mormons and intend to be always. We still see the psychologist to figure out what sort of marriage we have. It's an interesting experience—but then, we're interesting people.

On Being a Lamanite

by William Johnson

from January 20, 1993

Because of my parents' iniquity and my disobedience in the pre-existence, I was born under a curse: I am dark and loathsome. I apologize if my color displeases you. I realize that God's is a house of uniformity from which the pigmented are turned away; however, if I behave myself, I can become white and delightsome like most of you. Please overlook my fathers' skin.

Due to my innate stiffneckedness, I blindly follow the silly traditions of my ancestors, and I am incorrigibly bellicose. The animosity of my race resulted in fraternal genocide. I assume partial responsibility for my forerunners' atrocities, and offer apologies. Please overlook my fathers' sins.

I beg you to ignore my name. William Johnson is truly unfit for an Indian. Perhaps your expectations would be

A Bellyfull of Beauty

by Dave Seiter

from February 3, 1993

Rising like a flaming Phoenix from the glowing embers of The Throwing Muses, Tanya Donnelly leads her new band Belly to soaring heights across a star-blue, arctic expanse of musical production. The invaluable exposure and experience Tanya has garnered during her tenure with Throwing Muses has laid the groundwork for her work with Belly—a simple, American trio with a magical flair for style.

One quick glance at the credits, and Tanya's musical prowess becomes evident. Not only is she Kurt Cobain's feminine counterpart in vocals and guitar, but she's also the band's creative genius, writing virtually all the band's songs. But, although it comes close, Belly is not Tanya's solo project in disguise. She's backed by a competent rhythm section comprised of two brothers—and the genetic ties come through.

Star, Belly's hot-off-the-press release under Sire, is an eclectic mixture of music, promising to live up to its name as a bright spot in 1993. Tanya's hauntingly familiar voice comes filtered through a musty tunnel as her lyrics glaze the pulsating patchwork with transcendental story-book imagery. Combining the aural, hypnotic flow of The Cocteau Twins with the edgy punk of 45 Grave, Belly ultimately maintains accessibility while deftly walking a tightrope between originality and familiarity. Psychedelic keys gracefully trip through the electric hum—somehow earthy and ethereal at the same time. Star is an experience in the twisted childhood of humanity. With it, Belly stands poised and ready for the nineties.

The Joys of DMX

by Dave Seiter

from June 1993

The music industry has always fed upon the advances of technology. The electric guitar, radio, MTV, CDs, synthesizers—all products of modern technology. And the list goes on and on (I haven't even mentioned the "blessing" of sequencers and sampling. How else could Vanilla Ice record a hit single?) So what's the latest technological gift to music lovers? DMX.

Simply put, DMX, which stands for Digital Music Express, is cable for your stereo. Thirty channels of commercial-free, no-talk, CD quality music in your home for just about ten bucks a month. Just like cable TV. It comes through the same little black wire, you get a box to put on top of your stereo system, and it even comes with a remote so you don't have to leave the couch.

So what kind of music do they play? You'd be better off asking what kind of music they don't play. They have: symphonic, chamber, opera, lite jazz, classic jazz, big band/swing, classic rock, 50's oldies, adult contemporary, folk rock, modern country, traditional country, ranchero/tejanos, salsa, urban contemporary, world beat, dance, reggae, 60's oldies, love songs, great singers, beautiful instrumentals, new age, hottest hits, album rock, heavy metal, alternative rock, show tunes, r&b hits, and contemporary Christian. And thirty more channels are slated for August, possibly including two blues channels (I can't wait for that) and a channel for the really cutting-edge, underground music that college students clamor for. That's a total of sixty channels! A great service for a market like Utah that big cities like Los Angeles call "format deprived." KRCL does a great job filling in the gaps that Utah's limited variety of radio stations leave. But listeners are at the mercy of the station's schedule and

Sado"Mascis"ism

by Jayd McFerson

from March 3, 1993

Dinosaur Jr. epitomize the grunge scene while being completely detached from it.

gentle hint of melody. Mascis' sound has left an indelible influence on a generation of guitar bands from Los Angeles to London.

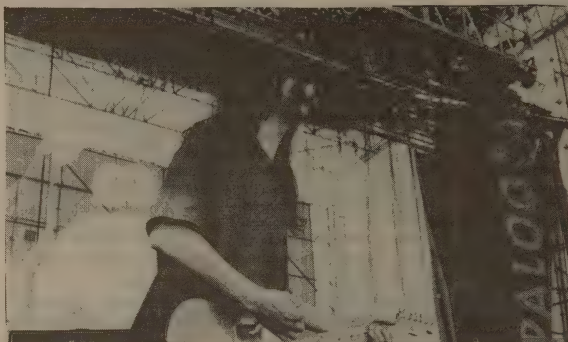
The new album follows in the

main riff proceeds from a soft jangle to a sonic crunch while the vocals migrate from Mascis' patented lethargic mumble to falsetto yelps. The song rambles from hook to hook, pulverizing

the listener in the process.

The bulk of the album has a meandering, beat-dragging feel as powerful riffs are coupled with beguiling pop sensibilities. The sound appears oblivious to musical trends as Mascis simply churns and grinds in his traditional manner.

Mascis' vocal



Years before "Smells Like Teen Spirit," the Massachusetts outfit pioneered the diesel guitar grind and lethargic lifestyle recently popularized by numerous Seattle bands.

Where You Been, Dinosaur Jr.'s latest album, is their second on a major label after numerous releases on independent labels such as SST. During those formative years, guitarist/singer/songwriter J. Mascis singlehandedly reinvented distorto-guitar textures by combining layers of noise with a

footsteps of its predecessors with increased confidence and some rather unconventional accents. Mascis has added timpani, cello, viola, and violin on tracks like "Not The Same," enhancing the fragile, achingly tender feel of the album.

Although the band has never released any song remotely resembling a pop hit, each album seems to produce one genuinely catchy tune. "Start Choppin'," the band's latest single, is perhaps as infectious a song as Mascis has ever penned. The

style has developed a love/hate following. While heaven to some, his "stretched on a rack" sound is hell to others. His croon is a hybrid of Neil Young, Bob Dylan, and a good dose of valium. The words explore the realms of unrequited love and broken relationships in an almost naive, insulated manner.

Where You Been is unlikely to break Dinosaur Jr. into the mainstream, but it serves to reestablish their position as the "godfathers of grunge."

get, at best, a few hours a week of the music they want to hear. DMX provides the music you want 24 hours a day, seven days a week. And with such a wide variety of music so conveniently available, I found myself listening to and enjoying music that I don't normally listen to.

What more could you want? Channel presets? You got 'em. And how about complete information on the song title, artist, composer, album, record label, and current chart information (when applicable) for every song. It's all available at the touch of a button on a little screen on the remote. If you're like me that's valuable information. There's nothing worse than hearing a great new tune on the radio and not knowing who it's by.

So what's the catch? Well, DMX does have a few disadvantages. There are no news updates, traffic reports, concert information, or local happenings announced. And it has no personality. None of the attitude, humor, or excitement that a good DJ can provide. Of course, all of these can be pros or cons. I could do without the traffic updates. (Do they really help?) But without my favorite radio station, I'd never know what bands are coming to town in the near future.

Although many people are still unaware of its existence, DMX began in 1991 in Los Angeles and is now available in 47 states. They are very responsive to customer input and make periodic changes accordingly. Channels that are driven (such as "Hottest Hits" and "Alternative Rock")

are up-to-date, sometimes playing songs before the radio does. Fortunately, TCI cable, which covers most of Utah, carries the service for its customers. Call TCI and tell 'em you want to give it a try. You'll get hooked. I did.



1202 N. State, Orem

226-8737

Mon-Fri 10-9, Sat 10-8

We Now Rent Laserdiscs & Laserdisc Players
Get \$2 OFF any Laserdisc
purchase or \$1 Off any rental

Not valid with any other promotional offer
Offer valid with this ad only.

Buy One Disc at our Regular Low Price
and get \$2.00 Off
any Second CD with Coupon Only

Not valid with any other promotional offer
Offer valid with this ad only.

Randall Audio

North
12th

State Street

West
1st

The Pixies 1986-1993

by Sean Ziebarth
from February 24, 1993

Lamentably, another page in the history of rock and roll turns as the members of the Pixies move on, forging new frontiers, without each other. This comes as a surprise after a successful trek across the U.S. opening for U2's Zoo TV Tour last spring. Former frontman Black Francis (Charles Michael Kitteridge Thompson IV) was recently featured in Rolling Stone promoting his first solo effort under his new pseudonym Frank Black. When asked about the current status of the Pixies he said they were "officially on vacation. At the moment, there's nothing going on." Soon after the Rolling Stones article it was reported in the L.A. Times that the Pixies had "officially broken up."

For Pixies fans this is devastating. The Pixies have inspired and entertained many, with a pastiche of brazen guitars, thundering drums, and ripe melodies with a dash of surf music sprinkled in for seven years. No longer will we be able to enjoy the release of a new Pixies album—the offspring of four wonderful minds who came together through an ad seeking someone "into Hüsker Dü and Peter, Paul, and Mary."

Some may have suspected a move like this. We knew something wasn't right when bassist and backing vocalist Kim Deal disappeared into the background on their last album *Trompe le Monde*. Her smoky voice never rose higher than Francis' and she soon began touring with her own band the Breeders. Which brings up the sunny side up.

If the Pixies minus the Pixies equal two bands (Math 100 students ignore this), Frank Black and the Breeders, the grass on the other side of the fence just may be evergreen.

The Breeders first album *Pod*, and subsequent e.p. *Safari* are dazzling doings themselves. Kim Deal and her twin sister Kelly have plenty of talent and charisma to hold their own, as we saw last Halloween at DV8. And more importantly the Breeders are currently in San Francisco recording new material for an upcoming album.

Guitarist Joey Santiago is featured on Frank Black's album due out in March and may tour with Francis/Black in the spring or fall. So, although we are losing a dear friend in the Pixies we are gaining several with the fruits of their family tree. And it may be very soon that Black will be "driving, doing nothing on the shores of the Great Salt Lake" and decide to stop and belt out some of his simple, demented chaos.

Closet Favorites

(Music you secretly love but won't admit to anyone.)

"Okay, you must be very, very quiet about this. I dig the Bee Gees with a raging passion! There's just something about "Stayin' Alive" that makes my blood boil and my body crave the disco duds. Some days, when the mood is right, my body goes into spastic convulsions to the beat of the groovy jive! Barry Gibb I love you! P.S. I'm not the only one coming out of the closet. My roommates like them too!"

— Cassie Kormylo, Sophomore from Boise, ID majoring in Travel/Tourism & German

"Top 40 gives me gas. I live my life in search of obscure bands on small labels that no one has ever heard of. Yet every time I hear Keith Partridge sing, 'I Woke Up In Love This Morning,' my inner child comes out—in heat. When I was seven, he was king. I guess he always will be—but only if Tori Amos can be queen. Blasphemy?"

— Sharon Nichols, Virginia Beach, VA, Majoring in Human Development

"Since I'm fundamentally opposed to much of what Guns N' Roses represent, I hate to admit this. But something about the opening riff of Sweet Child O'

Student Review

the mighty monarch of the small press
is looking for:

- smart people
- dumb people
- tall people
- short people
- in-between people
- quiet people
- loud people
- happy people
- sad people
- small people
- big people
- funny people
- dull people
- cool people
- hot people
- fresh people
- phat people
- hip people
- hop people
- butta people
- pet people
- people people

Come to our recruitment meeting
Tuesday, Sept. 7th at 6:00pm
On the East Maeser Building Lawn

Flavors Of The Week:

Therapy? - Nurse

A beat-filled, infectious concoction of tribal industrial and melodic thrash. More moving deliberation than self-absorbed quickness. It's not comforting, but it is therapeutic.

Dada - Puzzle

A dozen pictorial pop gems cleverly speckled by multi-genre twinges. Familiar to most for their Dizz Knee Land single, the group sounds like an educated Too Much Joy on acid.

Quicksand - Slip

Thundering, percussive guitar, beat-filled, syncopated drums, and gravelly, shouting, Henry Rollins like

vocals mark this major label debut. (Incidentally, Utah's X-96 has given the band some unusual exposure resulting in more album sales in Utah than any other region in the country—not bad for a relatively unknown band in a conservative state.)

John & Mary - The Weedkiller's Daughter

An obvious 10,000 Maniacs derivative in both sound and personnel. Mary's soothing, Natalie Merchant like vocals, and subtle viola are accompanied by John, guitarist and former member of the Maniacs. In addition, two current Maniacs members make guest appearances on several songs on the album. With various additional instrumentation, such as piano and accordion, the final result is a rich, flowing, melodic folk.

Lyric Liners:

"I'm feelin' California and lookin' Minnesota."
— Soundgarden, "Outshine", Badmotorfinger

"When the streets are wet, the colors slip into the sky."
— Edie Brickell

"Philosophy is the talk on the cereal box. Religion is the smile on a dog. Philosophy is a walk on the slippery rock. Religion is a light in the fog."
— Edie Brickell and New Bohemians, "What I Am", Shooting Rubberbands At The Stars

"If ignorance is bliss, then knock the smile off my face."
— Rage Against The Machine, Settle For Nothing

"The public gets what they deserve and not what they demand, unless we all decide to be a business, not a band."
— Agent Orange, "Breakdown", Living In Darkness

Mine sends tingles down my spine every time I hear it—which might explain why Axl Rose dances like he does in the video."

— Sam Cannon, Farmington Hills, MI, Majoring in Horticultural Accountancy

"You can't possibly know how terribly embarrassing it is for me to admit that I like Tiffany's music, especially 'I Saw Him Standing There,' unless you know that I love The Beatles, and have a severe repulsion against nearly all Beatles covers. But for some reason, I really like Tiffany's remake of that song, and I love her voice." — Julie Price, Sophomore from Edina, MN

"Take away the twangy voice and the cheesy music and I love Randy Travis. His sappy and emotional lyrics, in which families are important, make me cry."
— Julie Tollstrup, Corvallis, OR, Full-time mom & assistant manager at Golden Spoon restaurant

If you have a "Closet Favorite", send it to Student Review, Attn: Noise Editor, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602. Include your name, rank, serial number, why you like it, and why you can't admit it.

Sex, Lies, and Slam Dunks

by Mike Sponseller

from February 10, 1993

"When you play in the NBA, there are women waiting to meet you in every city along the way. Just about every time the bus brought us back to our hotel after a game, there would be 40 or 50 women waiting in the lobby to meet you." These are the words of Magic Johnson.

Professional athletes and sex scandals returned to the headlines again with allegations of misconduct surrounding members of the Portland Trail Blazers in Salt Lake City. Some young girls, after being caught for shoplifting, told police they spent the night with several members of the Blazers at a hotel. There was an investigation, and the lifestyles of NBA players were called into question again.

Unfortunately, the scandal implicated, falsely, all-stars Clyde Drexler, and Terry Porter. Drexler and Porter and seeking vindication from either the girls or the police. They said they are "family men" with good reputations in their communities, and they both said they don't live that type of lifestyle. Terry Porter turned down an invitation to all-star weekend because he wanted to spend the time with his family. But are these men exceptions to the promiscuous lifestyle of many NBA players? Are the kids of today worshipping players with little or no moral values? Does it

even matter what type of life they live off the court?

As Magic said, "Yes, I fooled around. But, what I did, most of my team was doing too. Nobody ever said the Lakers were Boy Scouts. But nobody should be shocked by this information. It's a natural thing, and it's been going on forever." Okay Magic, we won't be shocked about the lifestyle, but we were definitely were shocked when we found out you contracted the HIV-virus. If most everyone in the NBA is living the "NBA lifestyle", how many of them don't know they have the virus?

There was also the James Worthy case in Houston where he was arrested for soliciting two prostitutes. Worthy was a married man, too. Magic was known as a guy who, when a visiting team came to town, would set up all the rookies with some action. I'm not blaming the players or the women, this is just how it is. Magic said, "When I got up to my hotel room, there would always be a stack of phone messages. Delores called, she's waiting in the lobby, Arlene called, she's wearing a red dress. Marian called, she's by the elevator."

But there is hope. Magic also said, "Every person is different, of course. Some of the married players don't

fool around at all. There are even a few players who abstained for religious reasons.

I guess there are more players in the NBA than Magic made out to be who are faithful to their wives, but all of this illustrates that the world has different values. What we think is wrong, someone else might think is perfectly O.K. That doesn't mean we should accept it or tell our kids that Magic Johnson is a hero for being courageous and telling the world he got HIV. Maybe when we put these athletes on a pedestal, we should do it only for their athletic ability. For example, with Michael Jordan's gambling debts, and the rampant drug problems in athletics, it's hard to say how any of them could be a true hero.

It's hard for me to accept what these men do, but I can understand when I look at things from their perspective. They make millions of dollars, are on the road half of their lives, and they have a lot of time on their hands. It's very easy to condemn them, but just like anything else out of our culture, we need to look at it from their perspective. I'm not saying we should accept it by any means. I'm just saying we should try to understand where they are coming from.

Perversion, Pedophilia, and Professional Sports

by Yvette Livengood

from February 17, 1993

Oh no—not another sex scandal! It seems that every time I pick up the National Enquirer or flip on "A Current Affair," I am bombarded with the explicit details of someone's sex life. While I admit that the viewing public takes too much pleasure from bedroom voyeurism, all this exposure is opening celebrity closets full of skeletons. Some of our cultural idols are raving pedophiles, perverts, and rapists. There's something wrong here.

The details of the recent Portland Trailblazers scandal are still sketchy. The police decided not to prosecute the players, though it is illegal in Utah to have sex with a minor if you are more than three years older than them. The catch is proving that the victim was enticed or coerced into sex. One of the young women involved in this recent scandal said, "I felt kind of pressured and I was scared" (January 28, The Salt Lake Tribune, C2). Apparently the young women tried to leave, but were unable to find rides. The police reports say that one of the girls repeatedly said no before a player fondled and had sex with her. Other statements included "He kept telling us to stand up and turn around so he could look at our whole bodies," and he told one girl she had "big breasts and stuff like that" (January 27, Tribune, B1). The "he" was not identified.

Whoever "he" was, he reflects awful attitudes that seem to prevalent in the world of wealth and fame. Magic Johnson and Wilt Chamberlin have talked

openly about their exploits. They imply that their sexual promiscuity is typical and is all part of the professional basketball lifestyle, as if the fact that "everyone's doing it" makes it okay.

I've heard people say that these young women were asking for it, they were stupid to be in the hotel room in the first place. Why can't women go where they choose? Why shouldn't teenagers want to hang out with celebrities? Why are they suddenly responsible for the actions of much older men? It is not a woman's responsibility to control a man's libido; it's his. Even if the three teenagers involved here said they were eighteen, does that justify men in their late twenties having group sex with them?

Professional athletes, like all men, have certain moral responsibilities. These players weren't looking for an enjoyable evening getting to know some of their fans. They were, typical of "the lifestyle," probably hoping for sex. They didn't respect their guests as human beings, they saw them as sex objects. This mentality is pervasive and highly degrading. It's tragic that women often accept the rules of the game and exchange their bodies for attention. Why should anyone have to stand up, turn around, and have their "big breasts" inspected?

It's time to get rid of the game. Women of all ages are human beings, not sex objects. Though sex can be traded for attention, affection, and popularity, teenage girls have much more than their bodies to be appreci-

ated for, and they shouldn't have to base their self-worth on their sexual attractiveness. Men must realize that women's bodies aren't strictly for satisfying the male sexual appetite, that those bodies come with minds, feelings, and spirits. We still don't (and may never) know how much coercion and enticement was involved in the Trailblazers scandal. A public prosecutor has been suspended for agreeing not to press charges before a thorough investigation could be completed. Whether or not this case goes to court, older men constantly use their status to take advantage of younger women. Perhaps if more celebrities go to jail (obviously Mike Tyson didn't teach everyone a lesson) there will be fewer sex scandals and more integrity in professional sports.

This scandal brings to light basic issues of morality and human integrity. The suspended official said county attorneys would be busy "doing little else if fornication cases were prosecuted" (January 29, Tribune, B1). We need to stop and ask why the complaints of young women and their parents are being ignored. Ultimately, we need to ask why any young woman is placed in a position of objectification and vulnerability, and why sex should ever involve coercion, and why there is such a thing as rape.

My husband
and I
returned
all of our
wedding
gifts
except...

GIVE
THE GIFT
OF LOVE

ONLY
\$15
...our SR
Subscription
and our
Thigh-
master.



subscription request

name: _____

street: _____

city, state: _____

zip: _____

send this completed coupon to SR, PO Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602, along with a check for \$15, and we'll rush the first issue right out.

Snow Skiing: and Eternal Perspective or Faith, Slopes, and Charity

by J. Scott Craig

from February 3, 1993

As the sacrament distributors shuffled back to their respective places and the opening speaker hesitantly approached the pulpit, I turned to my inattentive roommate and whispered, "There's no snow skiing in the Celestial Kingdom."

Dropping his pen, rubbing his eyes, he queried, "What makes you think that?"

I replied, "No mountains, brother." He protested. I thumbed through the pages of the Good Book, ignoring him. When he finally paused to take a breath, I dropped my open Bible on his desk and pointed to a passage in red: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain" (Isaiah 40:4). He said one verse was not sufficient to establish doctrine, so I unleashed Micah 1: 3-4 and Isaiah 54:10, both of which corroborate the "flat earth" theory.

"But that's all Old Testament, man. The Law of Moses was fulfilled," he claimed. I quickly turned to John the Revelator. After the seventh seal, "every island fled away, and the moun-

tains were not found" (Rev. 16:20). After referring him to Luke 3:5 and Revelation 6:14, I closed the book.

Before he had time to discredit the Bible due to linguistic discrepancies and purported papal conspiracies, the most correct of any book on earth lay open before him testifying that "the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed" (3 Nephi 22:10). After further elucidation via the Doctrine and Covenants, my roommate was down for the count.

"But," he responded arrogantly, "you can cross-country ski without mountains!"

"But there will be no snow," I retorted. The celestialized earth is described "as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire" (D&C 130:7). Moroni reveals that in the day of the Lord's visitation "the elements shall melt with fervent heat" (Mormon 9:2). Joseph Smith prophesied that "the presence of the Lord shall be as melting fire that burneth, and as the fire that causeth the waters to boil" (D&C 133:41). This was also substantiated by Isaiah (64:2). He agreed that extreme heat is not exactly propitious to snow.

No mountains, no snow; ergo, no snow skiing. His final line of reasoning hinged on the Lord's statement to Peter that "whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," which clearly implies the possible use of ski bindings in the afterlife (Matt. 16:19). I concurred, but proceeded to show that the words bind and bound in the Book of Mormon refer in nearly every instance to the bonds of Satan and sin, thus showing where post mortem skiing possibly occurs. This is the probable source of the cliché about "Hell freezing over."

I could tell by the glassy look in his eyes that he was converted, albeit disappointed. Through discussion with other friends and acquaintances, I have discovered that this delusion (i.e., Adam fell that men might ski) is shared by many. I have convinced some of their error, yet the stiff-necked return to the slopes "as a dog returneth to his [or her] vomit" (Proverbs 26:11).

"Wherefore, do not spend your money for that which is of no worth" (2 Nephi 9:51). Pound your poles into plowshares; worship the Hope of Israel, not the slopes of Israel; and lift up your hearts on Mount Zion while it's still here, for the Lord delighteth in plans.

Y U K O N



EXCHANGE

CASH OR TRADE
WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD
CLOTHES OR TRADE YOU FOR
OUR NEW ONES
GUESS, GOTCHA, HANG TEN,
RUSTY, POLO
NEW & USED

156 N. UNIVERSITY AVE.

HOURS: 10 AM - MIDNIGHT

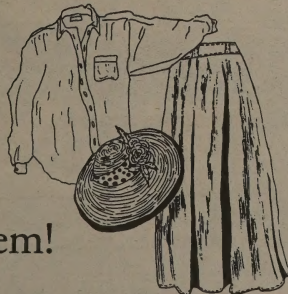
373-7553



Already tired of your
Fall clothes?

(and it's not even Fall yet!!)

- J Crew
- Gap
- Ralph Lauren
- Eddie Bauer
- Liz Claiborne
- Ann Taylor
- Banana Republic



Sell them!

The Trading Post

...a discriminating resale store

36 West Center • Downtown Provo
For information call 377-POST

Hanging Out with the Cultural Elite

by Mike Sponseller
from March 10, 1993

How do two poverty-stricken, struggling college students find themselves in the VIP section at an event where some people paid over \$2000 to get in, while hundreds of millions of others throughout the world watch on television wishing they were there? Obviously, the dudes got in free, and they got lucky.

It all started when the radio station 106.5 announced they would be giving away two free tickets for the NBA all-star game in Salt Lake to any person who would do almost anything for those tickets. Believe me, I would do anything to see guys by the name of Jordan, Drexler, Barkley, Shaq, Dominique, Isaiah, Ewing, Malone, Stockton, Pippen, and L.J.

Let's just say this all-star ticket competition was over before it started. I told them I would dress up as Clyde Drexler with a big bald head and a caterpillar mustache, and my roommate Greg would be Larry Johnson's grandma-ma, wearing a dress, wig, black glasses, and black high tops. We would do a short skit, then strip down to our shorts. We would cover our bodies with the radio station's bumper stickers and then allow the co-host to rip them off as we screamed in hellish agony. We would have those tickets... oh

yes, we would have those tickets.

After winning the tickets by performing our little routine at the Salt Palace, we were on our way to the all-star game for free. Our tickets were in the nose-bleed section, so we decided to go to the lower level to see the players warm up. We sat down next to Bob Costas and Magic Johnson doing their TV show for a while until the owners kicked us out. Then we went to the 13th row midcourt to get a good view of the warm-ups. The people who owned the seats and basically the whole row never came to the game, so we had to give up our own seats to sit in the expensive seats so they wouldn't go to waste. Of course things could have been worse. The players could have asked us to sit on the bench with them or maybe even play, so we dealt with our situation.

As we looked around, we realized we were a little out of place. We had better seats than Bob Costas, Ty Detmer and his wife, Steve Young, Boomer Esiason, Eazy-E, Shaunice, Martin from that one lame Fox show, Todd Christensen, Alfonso Ribera from that one lame NBC show, Josh Grant from the UofU, Michael Jackson from song and dance, Bette Davis from the silver screen, Jacqueline Onassis from politics, Jimmy Stewart, Ed Sullivan, John Lennon, Elvis Presley, and Malcolm X. And

that's only the people in our section. O.K., maybe we weren't sitting by Eazy-E.

The two guys in front of us confided that they dished out \$2000 for their seats. So you may ask—is it not unfair that these young men of such lowly standing should have such nice seats at such a prestigious occasion? I say to you—yes it is unfair. But in the immortal words of Chicago, fairness in sports is a "paradox full of contradictions." Let me illustrate this with three examples.

1. George Foreman, the man who trains for his next fight by jogging to McDonalds and spending the rest of the day there, named his five boys George, George, George, George, and George. A fitting tribute to a humble man.

2. The Portland Trail Blazers, in the 1984 draft, opted to select the popular Sam Bowie instead of Michael Jordan.

3. Jack Clark, the slugger for the Boston Red Sox, owns 18 cars at an estimated value of over \$4 million dollars. What does a person do with 18 cars?

So, you see, whether it is fair or not that these expensive seats at the NBA all-star game were occupied by these insignificant, unfamous, unrich young men really doesn't matter. The really important thing is the lesson in life to be learned from this experience. It is that each and every one of us ... Ah, forget it! We went to the biggest game in town, had a good time, and it was free, free, free!

Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Jennifer at 375-0585 (voice mail if no one answers). The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the week you would like it to appear.

THEATRE

Mid-Evil Days and Knights, Aug 27, Snowbird's Murder Mystery Dinner Theater, dinner and a chance to solve a crime, \$25 at Snowbird's Entertainment Office, 521-6040 ext. 4080.
You Bet It's Your Life, Sept 3, Snowbird's Murder Mystery Dinner Theater, dinner and a chance to solve a crime, \$25 at Snowbird's Entertainment Office, 521-6040 ext. 4080.
Tapestry: Weaving the Colors of Life, till Sept 4, Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S State, 364-5696.
The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe, till Sept 4, City Rep, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.
My Mom's Dad, till Sept 4, Sundance Children's Theater, 225-4100.
Utah Shakespearean Festival, till Sept 4, Cedar City, 586-7878.
Gunfight at Giltner Gulch, till Sept 11, Mon. and Thurs-Sat. at 7 pm with some 9:30 shows Sats., Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 S State, SLC, 226-7600.
A Streetcar Named Desire, Sept 2-18, 8 pm, Jewett Center for Performing Arts, 1250 E 1700 S, \$10 (discount for students available), call 583-6520.
Heaven Can Wait, till Sept 27, Hale Center Theater, 226-8600.
Father of the Bride, till Sept 27, Hale Center Theater, SLC, 484-9257.
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, Aug 28-Nov 13, Saturdays at noon, Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, 298-1302.

MUSIC

Diane Kling, Sept 3, Heide's Restaurant, 925 E 12400 S, Draper, Ut, 572-6927.
Bluesman Mike Haire, Sept 4, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Larry Ovalitt, Sept 4, Heide's Restaurant, 925 E 12400 S, Draper, Ut, 572-6927.
Bigga, Native Sons, and the Walling Coyotes, Sept 5, Old City Park, Moab, Ut, proceeds to Seckhaven Family Crisis Center, call 295-4425 for info.
Charles Plummer, Sept 8, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Kid Logic, Sept 9, Utah State Fair.
Greg Smith, Sept 9, Jazz/Classical, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
The Change, Sept 10, Utah State Fair.
Lloyd Wilbert, Sept 10, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Zion's Tribe, Sept 11, Utah State Fair.
Diane Kling, Sept 11, Heide's Restaurant, 925 E 12400 S, Draper, Ut, 572-6927.
Rodeo Ghost, Sept 11, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Saddle Boogie, Sept 12, Utah State Fair.
Salt Lake Good Time Jazz Band, Sept 13, Utah State Fair.
Curt Davis, Sept 13-14, Pie Pizzeria, 1320 E 200 S, SLC, 582-0193.

Hard Knocks, Sept 14, Utah State Fair.
Tre, Sept 15, Utah State Fair.
Amnesia, Sept 16, Utah State Fair.
Planet Earth, Sept 17, Utah State Fair.
Diane Kling & Larry Ovalitt, Sept 17, Heide's Restaurant, 925 E 12400 S, Draper, Ut, 572-6927.
The Hinge (unplugged), Sept 17, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Larsen & Scott, Sept 18, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
House of Cards, Sept 18, Utah State Fair.
Insatiable, Sept 19, Utah State Fair.
J. Nelson Ramsey, Sept 20-21, Pie Pizzeria, 1320 E 200 S, SLC, 582-0193.
Garrett, Sept 23, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
George Schoemaker, Sept 24, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Johnny Rowan, Sept 25, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Three Fisted Lullaby, Sept 27-28, Pie Pizzeria, 1320 E 200 S, SLC, 582-0193.

OTHER

Western States Jet Sports Championship, Sept 4 & 5, round 5 and finals at Snake River, Burley, Idaho, call 944-1022.
Mountain Biking & Hiking, till Sept 12, Wed-Sun 11-5 or 11-7 wknd, Deer Valley Ski Resort, Park City, \$5, \$6, or \$10, call 800-424-DEER for more info.
Advanced Prehospital Care for Nursing and Pre-Medical Students, starts Sept 14, taught Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 6 pm and Saturday mornings (for 12 weeks), call 224-1242.
Poetry Reading, Sept 16, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.
Warhol Prints, till Sept 19, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U, FREE, 581-7049.
Spirit of Utah Wilderness Art Exhibit Benefit and Celebration, call for entries, deadline Sept 24-25, Trivoli Gallery, for PROS call 521-6288.
Steam Train Retraces Oregon Trail, 1-6 day trips, Union Pacific, 355-5871.
League of Utah Writers, 2nd Tuesday of every month, SLC Main Library, 6:45 pm, 467-2935.
Intermountain Country Dance Association, a non-profit club providing info on lessons, dances, workshops, and conventions, for newsletter or info call Paul at 966-4207 or Rolayne at 968-6981.
KIQON Radio and Krishna Temple open house, Sundays, 6 pm, includes mantra meditation, films, and a vegetarian feast, 798-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.
Johnny B's Comedy Club, 65 N University Ave, Provo, 377-6910.
Monday night poetry, 7-8 pm, Cafe Haven, 1605 S State, Orem.
Massages, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.
Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWFr, 9:00 am & 1:00 pm, 227-9240.
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.
Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, FREE, call 583-6431.
Family History Center Classes, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, HBLL Library, BYU, 378-6200.
Women's Self Defense, classes start in Sept, call Bihonte Association of Martial Arts, 263-4007.
Pueblo Nuestro South American Folklore Group, open rehearsals from Ogden to Provo, all interested are welcome, for meeting time and place call Dave Sonntag, 773-7104.

Fresh Juices - Espresso - Cappuccino - Lattes
 Mochas - Italian Sodas - Gourmet Hot Chocolate
 Spiced Cider - Coffee Beans by the Pound

Drive through available. And, we have new hours!

Monday - Thursday 7AM to 9PM

Friday - Saturday 7AM to 11PM



juice 'n java

FRESH JUICE / ESPRESSO BAR

280 West 100 North, Provo 375-5409

"There is something going on now in Mexico that I happen to think is cruelty to animals.

What I'm talking about, of course, is cat juggling."

- Steve Martin

Group Percussion Classes, instructor Mark Chaney, classes held at Round Door Gallery, 105 N 400 W Ste., 6, for registration and info call 264-8898 or 484-0234.

Swiss Chorus Edelweiss, singing & yodeling, recruiting new members, call 272-2944.

The SLC Library System, volunteers needed, contact Personnel at Main Library, 524-8200.

Rape Crisis Center, male and female volunteers needed, 2035 S 1300 E, SLC, 467-7273.

Utility Assistance Program, American Red Cross needs volunteers to provide one-time assistance in paying utility bills for qualified individuals; volunteers will answer phone inquiries and do case work; contact Virginia Lopez at the Red Cross, 467-7339.

Canyonlands Field Institute, programs for all ages and interests, write CFI, P.O. Box 68, Moab, Ut 84532, or call 259-7750.

EDITOR'S PICK

There's only one thing worse than nothing to do, and that's *too many choices*. However, if you're like me, you can narrow things down by simply one factor: cost. While there are many CHEAP and even FREE items still remaining, I say GO NATURAL and GET EXERCISE!! Nothing beats a strenuous/exhilarating bike ride on the back trail to Cascade Springs, or a hike through Rock Canyon; for the less ambitious, try the trail out to Utah Lake or the one along the north end of University Avenue that continues up Provo Canyon (the latter is paved). And if all else fails—you can always hike the Y (it's a great workout).

SONIC GARDEN

C D E X C H A N G E

Opening Soon!

748 East 820 North, Provo